

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2nd, 1903

PUCK



I. GLACKENS

Christmas 1903

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SPIRIT**

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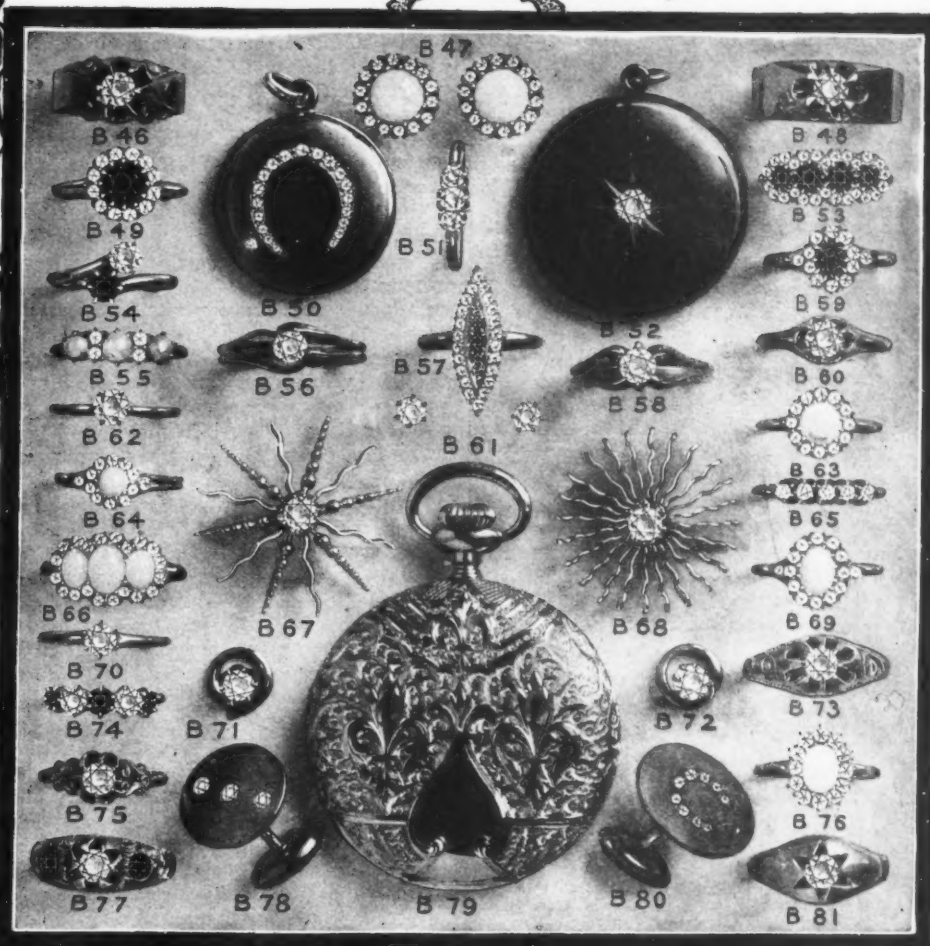
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 sample bottle.

ELDER ALABASTER SNOWDRIFT ELUCIDATES.

ELDER ALABASTER SNOWDRIFT took out his
 glasses, polished them with a large and
 freshly ironed bandana and proceeded:

"Bredderen, dey's been a heap o' questions
 axed by membahs ob dis congergation an' I'se
 sot apart dis Sondag mawnin' foh de spashul
 puppus ob loosidatin' de meanin' ob de tings
 what I'se done been axed about. If de
 vay-yous membahs ob dis 'semblidge will
 only gib out de questions one to a time, I'll
 try to anseh dem, de good Lawd heppin' me.

"What's dat? What am hebben?
 Bruddeh Ebenezer Watson hab axed a vay
 impohtant question. What am hebben?
 Hebben, my bruddeh, am a place wheh dey
 ain' no gold' streets ef gol' would huht yo'
 feet; wheh de streets is all gol' ef dat's whut
 de docteh recommends foh yo' pahtic'lar
 puppus. Hit am a place wheh yo' hab whateveh
 yeh want, an' de day befo' yo' begins ter git
 tiahed ob hit, hit changes inter de
 nex' ting yo' fancy's gwine ter be sot on, so
 dat w'en yo' wake up in de mawnin' yo'
 won't neveh notus de diffunce, but go right
 on a-smilin' an' a-jokin' an' a-praisin' Gawd
 fo' yo' blessin's.

"Humph—Bruddeh Yancy—whut yo' say?
 Will I loosidate bouten hell? Sho, Mistah
 Yancy, sho. Hit's puffickly nachel fo' people
 t' wan' t' know bouten de places dey
 spect's ter go. Bruddeh Watson done pay
 me fo' dollahs las' week an' yo' 's behine
 mos' dat much. Suttently I will loosidate
 bouten hell fo' yo' benefit. Hell am a place
 wheh ev'ry day yo' puts in de whole time
 fixin' yo' mouf fo' somepin good dat yo'
 's sho gwine ter git de nex' day, an' den
 findin' out de nex' mawnin' dat yo' can't
 hab it no mo' 'n a rabbit. Hell am a place
 wheh ev'ry man axes yo' fo' a chaw an' yo'
 's de onliest man whut kyarries a plug.
 Hell am a place wheh hit's wash-day ev'ry
 day in de yeah an' yo' neigboh's wife comes
 in an' talks to de ole woman twell she's all
 out o' patience an' yo' gits de benefit when
 de neigboh woman's done went away. Hell
 am a place wheh yo' dreams ob chicken,
 possum, yam an' gravy, an' wakes up to
 whuteveh hit is dat yo' dess natchelly
 'bominate.

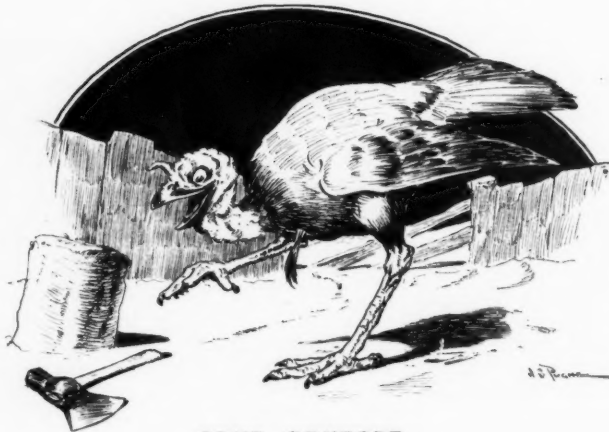
"Sisteh Say Ann Simpson want ter know
 whut dish yer tum mean whut me an' oddeh
 eddicated pussons uses now an' agin, 'Pessermist.'
 A pessermist, Sisteh Simpson, am a pusson
 what nebeh go pickin' roses only at night, an'
 when dey has a bad col', at dat, so dey allus
 fin' de stickehs an' git de shine off dey
 shoes wid de dew, an' neveh sees de coloh
 ob de rose noh smell de puffume. A
 pessermist am one whut kin look fohty
 mile along a dead level pikeroad an' not
 see nuffin' but a mudhole ef hit hain't
 biggeh dan yo' hat. A pessermist, mo'ober,
 am one whut sets down an' cries obeh de
 fines' tukkey dinneh ef dey's a pinch too
 much salt in de dressin'. A pessermist am
 one whut weahs smoked spec's when de sun
 a-shinin' fo' feah dey'll git de idee dat
 tings am reely bright. A pessermist am,
 finally an' fo' all, a pusson, whut, ef yo'
 gib dem de yuth wif a fence 'roun' it, dey
 would say, 'Dat am dess de kin' o' fence
 I allus hated.'

"Bruddeh Greenbria Thomas want to heah
 me tell whut an 'optermist' am. I ain't got
 much mo' time befo' collectin' de offehin' fo'
 de mohnin', but I'se ready right now t' tell
 yo' all, Bruddeh Thomas—an' yo' kin 'preciate
 de significatchuns ob whut I says right now,
 caze yo' am one ob de hat-parsehs ob dis
 congergation—a optermist am any man whut
 could preach hyeah ez long ez I hab preached,
 an' still spec' t' be paid all dat wuz comin'
 ter him right along at de en' ob de yeah.
 Dat would be a optermist fo' keeps. Brudder
 Thomas, yo' may now parse de hat, an'
 remembah dat ef de Lawd don' lub nobody
 but cheerful gibbers, yo' all has a lot ob
 hahd wuk between yo' an' de throne ob
 grace."

Strickland W. Gillilan.

A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

To-day I heard De Packer's queenly daughter
 In Delft & Doulton's shop—it is to laugh!—
 Seeking a new receptacle for water,
 Ask to be shown their best cut-glass giraffe.



SOME COMFORT.

"An axe! Still, as one might say, an axe on the
 ground is worth two in the neck!"




The Charm of Childhood

The pure, soft baby-skin is carried
from the nursery to old age by the use of

PEARS' SOAP

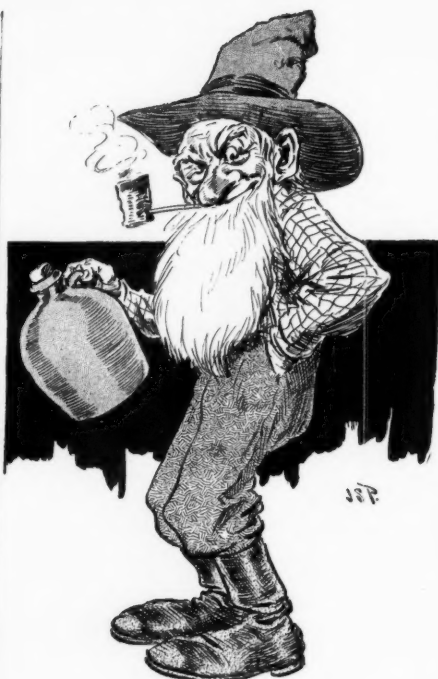
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EFFECTS.

VISITOR.—Does n't so much liquor make you ill?
FARMER HONK.—No, drunk. I ain't rich.

PROOF.
"But, sirs, how are we to prove that wrong is right?"
"Why, by a naval demonstration, of course," replied the puissant and progressive monarch.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HER CULTIVATED TASTE.
"How is your daughter getting on with her music?"
"Very well," answered Mr. Cumrox. "She has gotten along so far that when I ask her to play anything I like she looks haughty and says, 'The idea!'"—*Washington Star*.

A SHUT-OFF.
CANDIDATE.—I'd like to kiss this beautiful infant.
NURSE MAID.—Missus don't allow it; she's afraid o' germs.—*Detroit Free Press*.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.
"De harricane blowed de roof off Br'er Williams' house."
"En what 's he a-doin' now?"
"Thankin' de Lawd dat a airthquake did 'nt swaller de foundation."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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invented and patented the plate glass room for cooling beer with filtered air—and discarded it ten years ago, and to-day Pabst Beer is cooled with filtered air in modern hermetically sealed rooms that absolutely prevent infection and destroy all germs or microbes.
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Bunner's Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin*.

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

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is made up in the Egyptian manner in

Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made.
Look for the signature of S. ANARGYROS.



HER VIEW.

"Good work, is n't it, Ma'am?"

"Beautiful! I should think you could get some kind of a job!"

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Angostura Bitters, to tone up the system—they know
Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.



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Low in price.

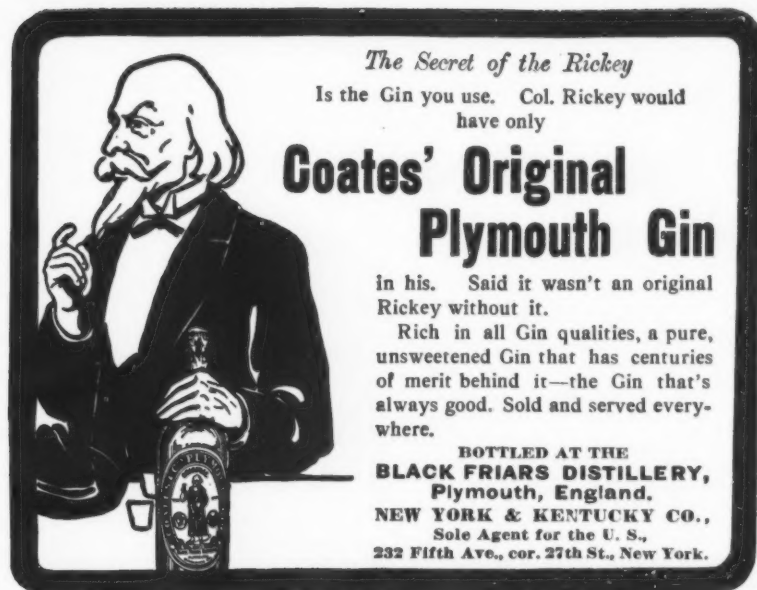
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Australia—because the best.
More used than all other brands
combined. They wear well.
Dealers everywhere have them.

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use Paine's Trays. Lessons free with
each set of trays. Write for particulars.

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Is the Gin you use. Col. Rickey would
have only

Coates' Original Plymouth Gin

in his. Said it wasn't an original
Rickey without it.
Rich in all Gin qualities, a pure,
unsweetened Gin that has centuries
of merit behind it—the Gin that's
always good. Sold and served every-
where.

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MOTHS.

"There are no birds in last year's nests,"

But many a closet shows

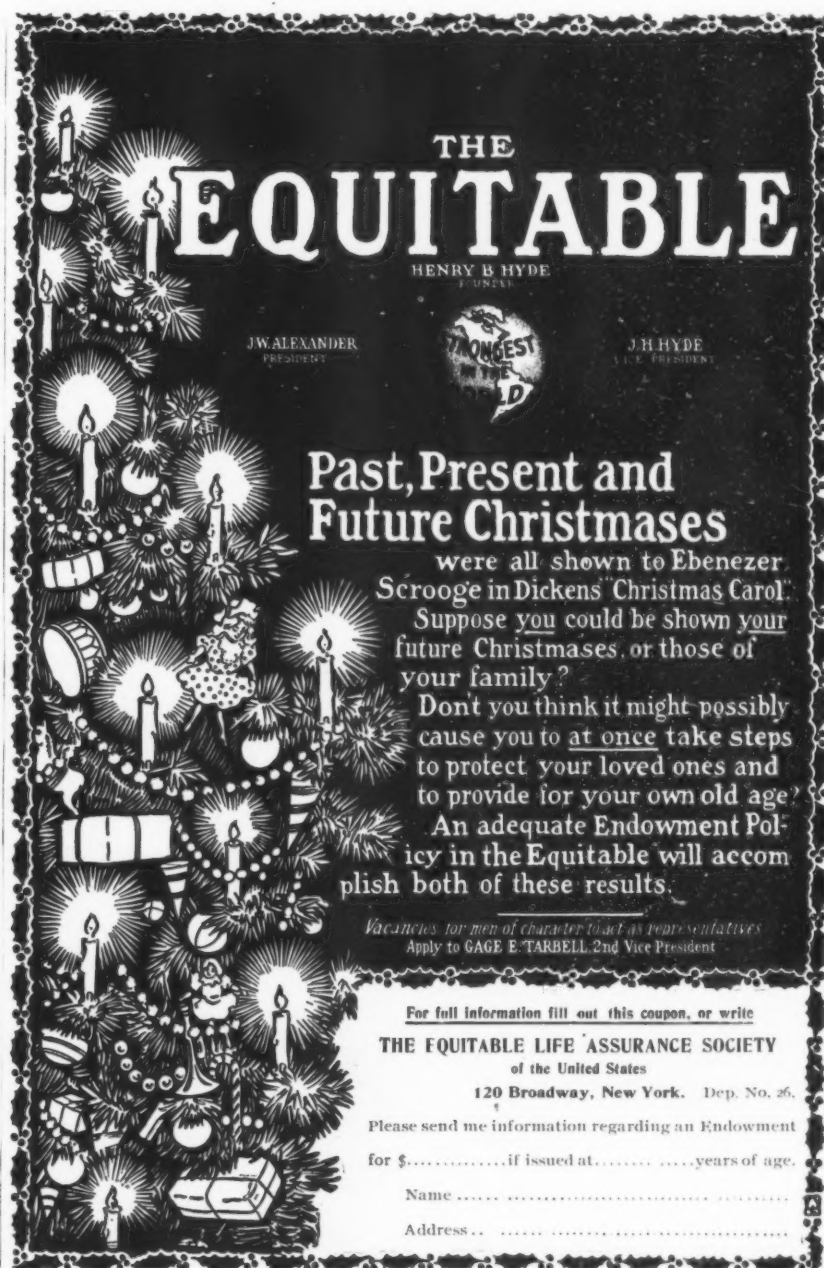
Small winged things in last year's vests

And coats and other clothes.—*Phila. Press.*

ONE CONDITION.

MRS. CASSIDY.—We'll have to be gettin' a pianny for Mary Ann to be
learnin' music.

MR. CASSIDY.—I'll buy her one on one condition—that she don't start to
learn to play it till she knows how.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



THE EQUITABLE

HENRY B. HYDE
PRESIDENT

J. W. ALEXANDER
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were all shown to Ebenezer
Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol".
Suppose you could be shown your
future Christmases, or those of
your family?

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cause you to at once take steps
to protect your loved ones and
to provide for your own old age?

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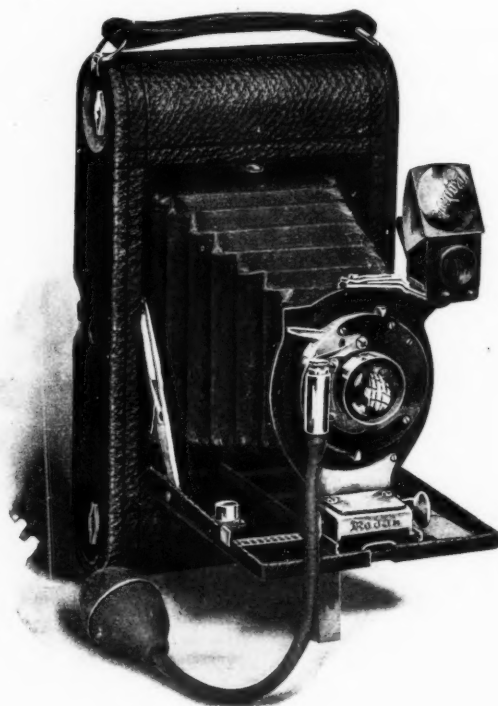
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A FEATURE STORY.

(As the Twentieth Century Author has it.)

THE SQUARE set of his chin and mouth told her, as he entered the room, that he was come prepared to venture all on a single throw. His fine open brow was slightly furrowed by a frown of anxiety. His face was tense with repressed feeling.

He merely said "Good evening" soulfully.

Her heart hammered and a slight flush tinged her cheek as she responded to his greeting. Unconsciously she stiffened as his hungry eyes devoured the wondrous curves of her tiny ears, the radiant sheen of her unmatched hair. The fair head sat more proudly on the beautiful neck and shoulders. There was a slight upward tilt to the divine little nose. It was as if the maiden instinct in her was in arms for a last battle before her final surrender.

"It is a fine evening," said he, and from his strong firm lips the simple words seemed to take on a subtle meaning that set the pulse beating clear in her soft white throat.

"It is," she agreed, sighfully, her dear lids drooping.

He flung his eager eyes at her and her cheeks grew like the lily. The appealing

sweetness of her carmine lips went to his brain like strong wine and left him dizzy. They were like an opening rose-bud with a very taking fragrance of bloom.

There was a full-pulsed silence, charged with indefinable meaning. The blue eyes met the speaking liquid brown ones in a soul kiss. Her long-lashed pupils quivered while his orbs entranced her. The color fled her cheeks. Her glad lights shone, then fell to the ground in an ecstasy of joy.

His eloquent glance asked her a question, and her eyes cried "aye" to him.

He took in again with rapt gaze the charming effect of russet-braided gold-shot hair on slender sloping shoulders, and the pretty dark-lashed eyes that held his happiness so surely.

"I think we shall have fair weather," was all that his lips uttered. But what message of adoration flashed from his joy-kissed eyes to hers.

She shyly sought the floor and found it still in the same place.

"Yes," she said, softly, and the hot tears scorched her deep expressive pupils, for she knew that happiness had found her.

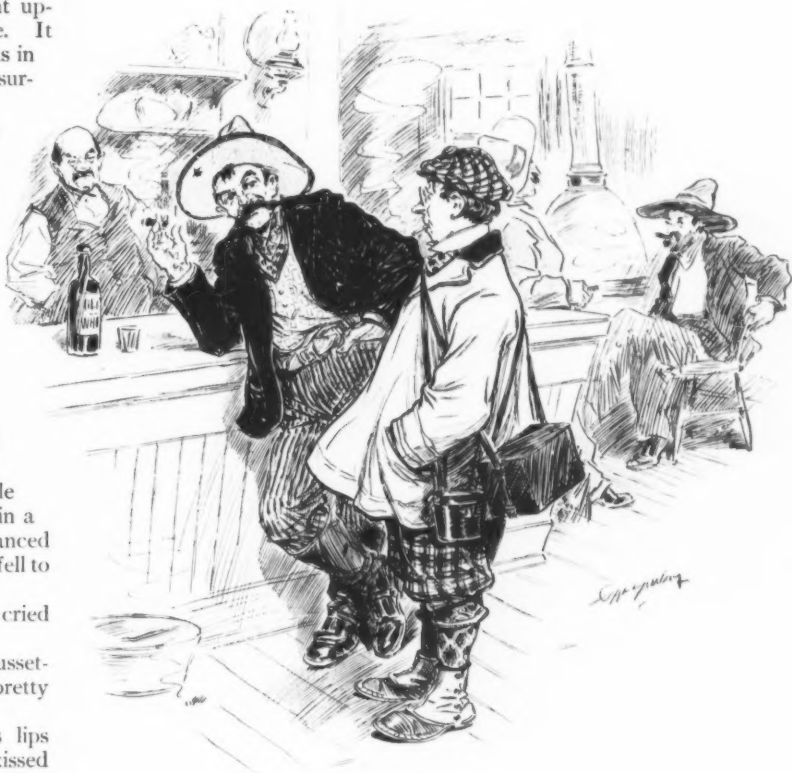


His ears drank in eagerly the sweet monosyllable. The deep mantling color flagged into her cheeks, making a picture of rare beauty. Her tapering fingers with their little jewels of pink nails covered her face to hide from him the too great gladness shining forth. She knew that henceforth they would have but one heart, would see with a single eye, would hear the same glad song from Nature's lips. Life would be one brave affirmation. There would be no denial of its deep meaning. It would be all "ayes" and no "noes."

William MacLeod Raine.

THE PHYSICIAN.

Though Time heals all wounds, it is certain,
And cures both the great and the small,
We find as First Aid To The Injured
He's really worth nothing at all.



THEIR REMEDY.

TOURIST.—Some people from the East might not like it out here.
WESTERNER.—Well, stranger, they'd find trains runnin' both ways.

A TRAGEDY.

VANITY, Cheerfulness and Envy once on a time fell in, and, although the relations between them were not always so harmonious as might be, they journeyed on for some time together.

By-and-by, as they traveled along the highway, they saw a beautiful girl in the distance, weeping.

"Hurry on," said Cheerfulness, "and let us relieve this poor creature. She is weeping because there is no one to love her."

"There is no hurry," said Vanity. "Don't you know that all vain things come to those who wait?"

Cheerfulness, however, paid no attention, but went forward swiftly to where the maiden sat and tenderly wiped her eyes and bade her smile.

"If you wish to be loved," said Cheerfulness, "you must appear to be happy."

Vanity and Envy now came along.

"Shall we have anything to do with her?" said Envy to Vanity.

"I will if you will," said Vanity. "Of course, if she wishes to be loved, one of us alone will not be able to help her. If she is only vain she will be too much satisfied with herself. But if she is envious, too, this will stimulate her to do her best, while her vanity will give her that confidence so necessary to win."

"All right," said Envy. "Let's help her out."

Cheerfulness, thereupon, laughed and withdrew.

"I was ready," she said, "to comfort that young lady, but

I've had enough of your company, my friends, so I will go on alone."

And she journeyed on.

The young girl, left alone with only Vanity and Envy, did not weep again. She did not care to make her eyes red.

While she sat, in a brown study, stirred by new feelings that she never had before, Avarice, Ambition and Snobbishness came along.

"Hello!" said Avarice. "Here's Envy and Vanity with a new subject. Just the place for us three! She's beautiful, too!"

So they stopped and joined the others. Avarice set her teeth together with desire; Ambition swelled her breast with energy; Snobbishness set her eyes in scorn, while Envy and Vanity worked at her heart.

Cupid, with his bow and arrows, about this time came along.

When he saw a creature so beautiful in the hands of such a degenerate crew, he stopped and sighed.

"Alas!" he cried. "This thing of late years is happening altogether too often! I'm not a pessimist. I don't believe that the world is growing worse. But it does seem as if these young girls of ours sometimes deserved a better fate. I have n't the slightest doubt in the world that this beautiful maiden will within a year be a leading member of the best society and marry a millionaire old enough to be her father."

So saying, he shrugged his diminutive shoulders and passed on.

Tom Masson.



AN AVAILABLE EXCUSE.

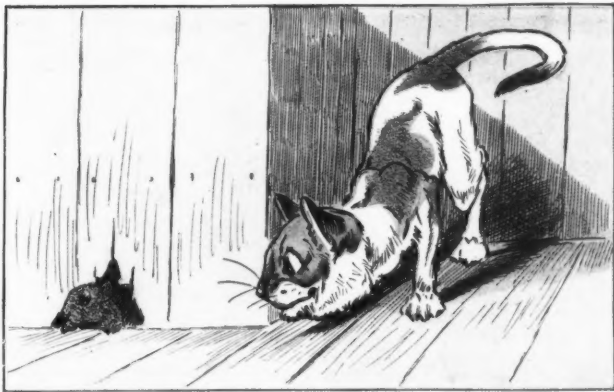
HE.—I'm afraid my picture of Miss Gotrox was not quite satisfactory.

SHE.—Oh, well, art should not be held responsible for nature.

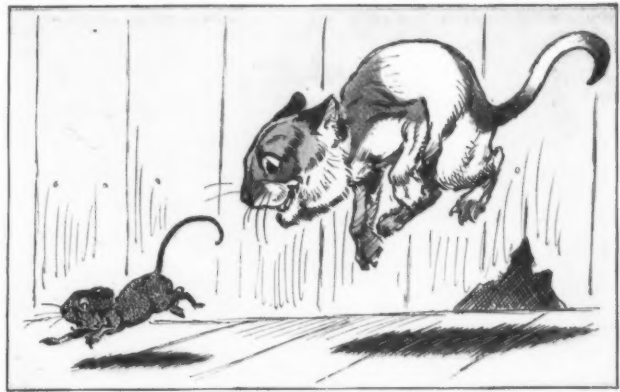
Experience is about the only teacher that can get anything into the head of the man who knows it all.

PUCK

HOW THE BOTTOM FELL OUT OF PUSSY'S PLAN.



I.
This is a simple little story.
Derived from Tabby's category.



II.
The mouse, in terror, skirts the hall,
Pursued by cat and caterwaul.



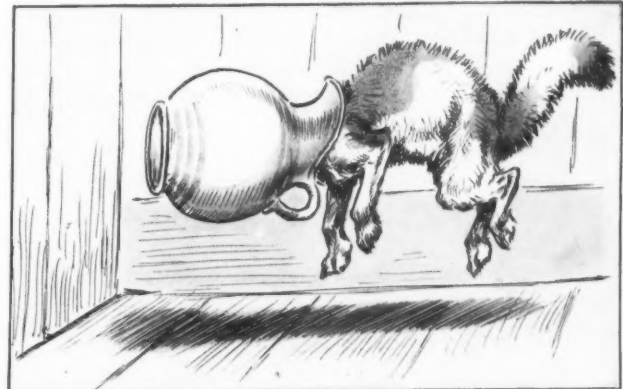
III.
Quoth Tab: "I guess he 'll take the count;
I 'm on him like a catamount."



IV.
But Puss, in manner most electric,
Becomes a partial cateleptic.



V.
And, tightly gripped, she 's in the gloam
Of a most unpleasant catacomb.



VI.
Then Tabby, wise in worldly cult,
Resolves to try a catapult.



VII.
She does, and off her captive flies;
Nor pauses once to catechise;



VIII.
While Tabby sits 'mid china, cracked,
And sheds, of tears, a cataract.

PUCK

A VICTORY FOR MATERIALISM.

WHEN THEIR daughter Gladys arrived home from school in the city, where she had contracted a severe case of Christian Science, Pa and Ma Corntossel first began to sit up and take notice.

"Naw; never heard of the blamed thing," said Pa, after supper the first evening, as he sat before the fire toasting his red socks; "but I wish I could find something to cure my rheumatiz."

"Why, Father, the very idea! You have n't got the rheumatism. You've got a 'claim.' There's no such thing as rheumatism. What you think is rheumatism is only mortal error. See page 255, Science and Health."

"Oh! That's it, eh?" said Pa, glancing over at Ma with a puzzled look.

"Why, certainly! Rheumatism is simply an imaginary expression of sin, the wicked thought of suffering. Where there is no matter there can be no pain. You imagine that it hurts you in your legs. But you have no legs, really, you know. You imagine that there is pain in your imaginary legs."

Pa gasped, but said nothing. His thoughts were too deep for words, and when Gladys arose to say "Good-night," after a long period of silence, he was still gazing into the fire, absorbed in contemplation.

Next morning, after breakfast, as Gladys was snuggling into her pet arm-chair in the parlor with a copy of "When Knighthood Ran to Seed," Pa's rancorous tones reverberated from the kitchen. "Gladys, I jest wish you'd make your imaginary legs tote you out in this direction. Your Ma was up at five o'clock this morning to git breakfast, as usual, and help with the chores; and now, just as she started to wash up the dishes, she got a 'claim' that she was clean beat and dead-tired, sort of an imaginary feeling that she was all tuckered out. So I jest wish you'd roll up them imaginary sleeves and put them imaginary arms o' yours into this imaginary hot water and give your Ma a lift. And then you might take that there piece of mortal error and non-existent matter we call the broom, which you'll find standin' behind that there fictitious door, and see how much evidence of mortal mind in the shape of dust you



THE PROSPECT.

"I s'pose he's jest injyin' wearin' dat new dicer."

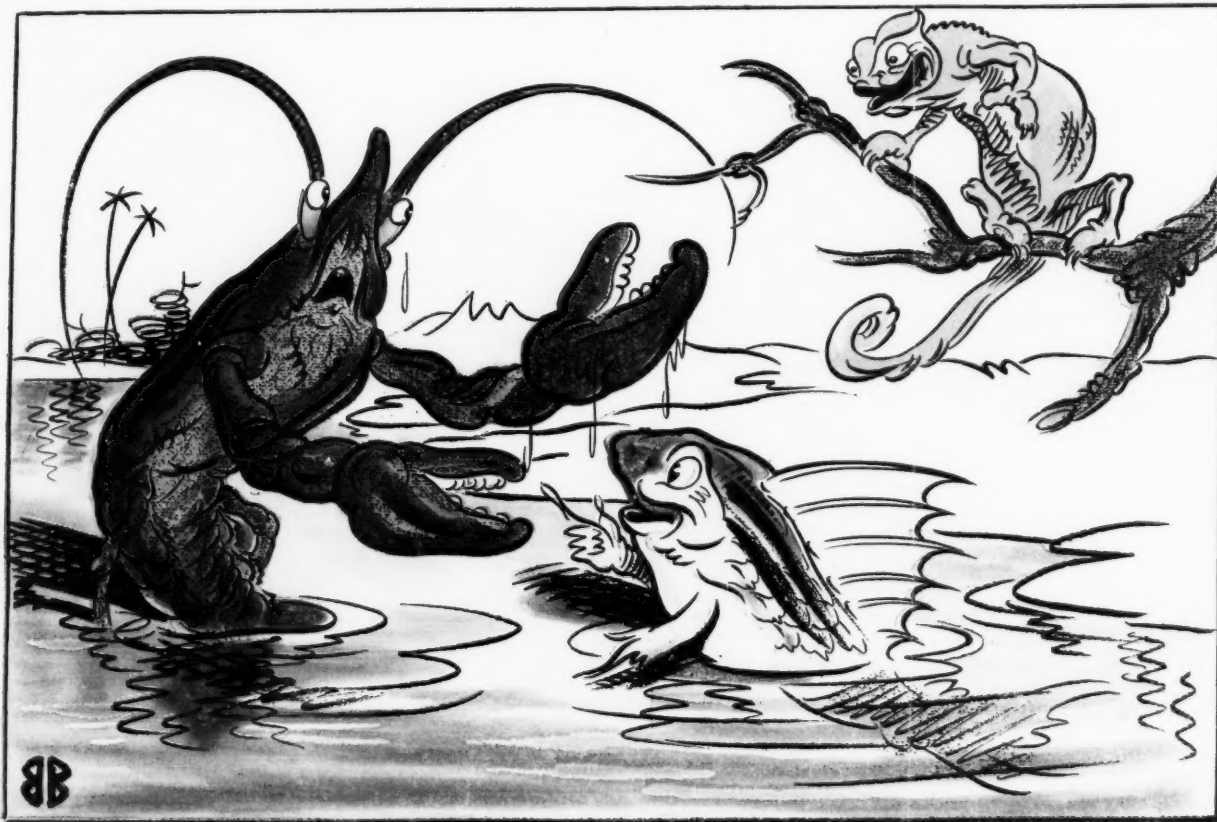
"Wal, I reckon we'll git moah fun outen it dan he will!"

can take out'n the illusionary settin'-room carpet. And the pigs and chickens hev, somehow or nuther, all got the 'claim' of hunger this morning, so when you git time I wish you'd take out about four pailsful of this subconscious grub and chicken feed and pass it out to the various imaginary but noisy animals you'll find scattered around what we've been callin', in our weak, sinful way, the back yard. And, possibly, while you think you're doin' all this, I kin persuade your Ma to lie down on the lounge and imagine for the first time in twenty years, that she's havin' a good rest."

And it came to pass on the next day that Gladys experienced a "claim" of an aching back and tired feet and blistered fingers.

And it came to pass on the third day that a copy of "Science and Health," well-thumbed, was offered for sale, second-hand, at the village bookstore.

Robert Webster Jones.



A MONOPOLIST.

THE FISH.—What are you looking so grumpy about?

THE LOBSTER.—Why, that miserable Chameleon over there thinks he's the whole thing because he can go red without being boiled!



ONE ADVANTAGE.

PETER.—Perchance I should have spoken to thy father first.
PATIENT.—Nay; unless, perchance, thou didst wish to get the hardest part of thy task off thy hands.

Genevieve.



GENEVIEVE'S fingers idly caressed the piano keys. The music room was quite what you would expect, knowing Genevieve's father to be worth more millions than one. A delightful retreat in which to revel in reverie. Genevieve's fancy strayed. She mused upon the impressive career of her eldest sister, Louise, now a Countess. The methods of Louise had been masterly. She enthralled the yearning soul of the gentleman from France in a fashion which brought a proposal before the season was half over. Since marriage the Count had out-Castellated the Continent.

Genevieve remembered how Louise used to stand before the mirror to get that wireless telegraphy witchery into her eyes for the Count's benefit; how she swayed and poised and posed and practiced; how thoroughly well she succeeded in making herself the most artistically artless artful beauty of her set by dint of careful training and complete repression. Genevieve was no represser! She was just gentle and sweet.

Louise was now spending her nights in a bedstead with we don't know how many sets of posts, nor how much gilding and carving and inlaid panel work;—not to mention that we can't tell how many Marchionesses and Countesses and Counts and titled robbers and other celebrities had variously occupied it for, it is impossible to state, how many centuries.

Do you wonder that Genevieve's fancy strayed? She sang, "Oh! Promise Me that Some Day You and I" as only a maiden may who actually has a fancy and really lets it stray.

She paused. Someone entered.

"O Genevieve!"

Her sister Madge had a chair beside her and a flood of conversation started.

"No! Geraldine marry Hermann Hatbahnd?"

"Yes, I tell you!"

"Announced to-day?"

"Yesterday!"

"Why, Madge, he has n't an idea in his head, nor a moral in his soul, nor—"

"But, Genevieve! He'll have Five Millions at the very least;—think of it!"

"O Madge! You all talk alike and you all act alike; I'm getting so I hate to hear money mentioned! I'd rather have the love of a poor man who is a man than all else in the world. I'm tired of patent-leather personalities and I despise the paper-faced imitations of young men who—"

"Genevieve! Don't run on like that; please, don't, dear. And I've something lots more important to tell you than Geraldine Lanston's engagement;—it's my own!"

"Madge!"

"There, dear! It's Mr. Bittum."

"Gussie Bittum? O Madge!"

For an instant there was silence.

"I congratulate you," said Genevieve, recovering.

The most useful article Gussie Bittum ever had held in his hand was a golf stick; he had examined it, sighed and remarked: "Looks too demned strenuous, y' know."

Madge was going to marry Gussie!—and his money. Genevieve's thoughts were busy as she sat in her own room that evening. Her beautiful, stately sister Louise had married a title and something worse. Now her handsome, statuesque sister Madge was to marry Three Millions of Dollars and thirty cents.

Genevieve shed four big tears of simple disgust. Then she laughed. She pictured her Junoesque sister Madge, blonde, tall,

perfect in figure and pagan in beauty of feature, with Gussie Bittum as bridegroom. Gussie's weight was 118, gross.

Geraldine Lanston's engagement came to mind. Geraldine had been the dearest friend of Genevieve's girlhood. She was to marry Hermann Hatbahnd. Hermann bore the superb distinction of having for a father a gentleman whose reputation as a brewer of excellent beer could n't be better. Hermann's complexion was as bright and beautiful as the gorgeous amber hue of his father's Ne Plus Ultra Special Extra. Hermann would inherit millions. A remarkable young man!

Genevieve's thoughts ran riot.

She pondered, as she often had done before, upon the shallowness of all the girls she knew; not one in her set but would choose money to manhood, and social position to a life of love and helpfulness.

Would n't it be grand to marry a Man, an honest, noble, struggling fellow with his way to make in the world? Would n't it be glorious to be a true helpmeet to a man like that? Would n't she? Ah! Would n't she? Yes; she knew she would! She'd mend his clothes and iron his shirts with a little ironing board small enough to fit a little flat, and she'd help him save money. In fact, she'd save it herself; she'd save a dollar or two every week out of her house-keeping allowance, and once every month she'd put it in the savings bank. Then, if there came a rainy day she could snuggle down in John's lap and say:

"There's a hundred and eighty dollars in the bank that I've saved, dear!"

And he, John, would say: "My brave little woman!"

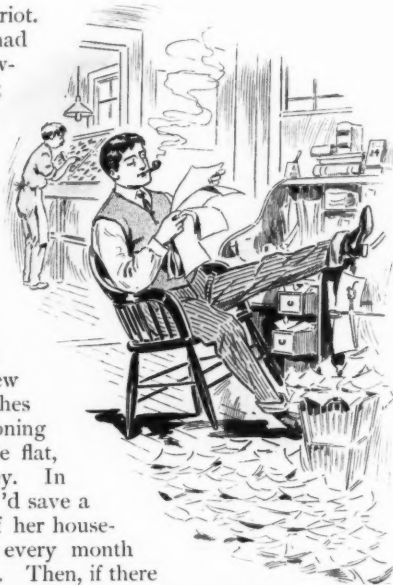
The lesser furnishings of the boudoir in which Miss Genevieve's

fancy played such particular havoc upon this particular evening cost not less than several thousand dollars. That disturbed Genevieve not at all. She defied everything; an unalterable determination came into her soul. The soft, brown eyes were filled with a fire that made them gleam like distant stars. Her wavy brown hair fell over her shoulders in a way which did not mar the beauty of either her shoulders or her hair. If you could have seen her when she knelt by her bed you must have been aware that a dainty white heel peeped out from the folds of her nightgown; if you could have heard what she said it would have been this:

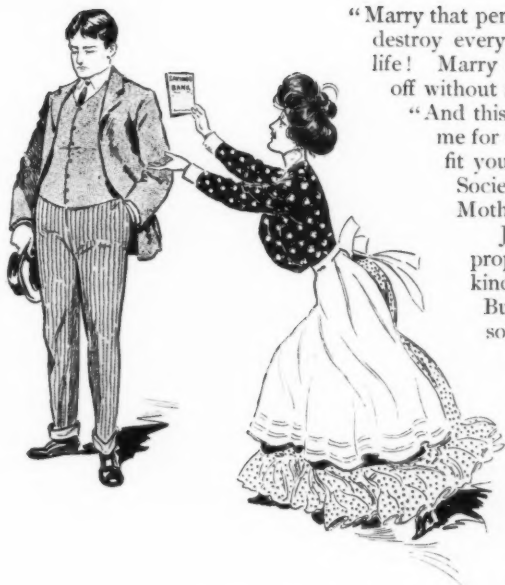
—"And, O Lord, if you'll send John along, I'll do the rest."

And who shall say that her dreams were not sweeter than the dreams of her stately sister Louise, who slept in the wonderful bedstead across the seas? And better than the insomnia of her queenly sister Madge, who did n't sleep at all for thinking of the Three Millions she was to marry? And altogether more desirable than the nightmare of Geraldine Lanston, who thought a florid-faced young man was relentlessly rolling a big golden beer keg down upon her from a height.

Genevieve had no difficulty in finding Trouble. She met him at a Yale game. His name was John. John X. Parkherst. He called. He called frequently. Genevieve's father looked him up. No financial standing; no prospects; nothing. Genevieve's father stormed and her mother wept.



PUCK



"Marry that penniless fellow and you destroy every chance you have in life! Marry him and I'll cut you off without a cent!" said Father. "And this is the way you repay me for the care I've taken to fit you for every advantage Society can offer!" said Mother.

John had n't really proposed when these unkind remarks were made. But Genevieve felt so sorry for him that she told him all about it. "Be my wife," said he.

In twenty-four hours they were married and Genevieve was disinherited — which rounded out her romance to perfection. She was the

happiest girl in New York and nobody could help it. John's salary was twenty-four dollars a week. He read copy on a morning newspaper. Of course, he would soon rise to be a well-known editorial writer and then his salary would be very much larger. Genevieve did n't know how many good grocery clerks there are writing poor editorials nowadays. Six months after his marriage John was fired. Lucky boy! The favorite method on Park Row is to kill good men first and fire them afterward.

Genevieve was radiant.

"My dear husband," she said, "I've saved two dollars every week since we took our flat and there's fifty dollars on my bank-book!"

"My brave little woman!" cried John. The bank-book idea certainly appealed to him.

When there were still left eight dollars of the fifty John secured another position. That is, he landed a job. He got only twenty-two dollars a week, but his chances for promotion were no worse than formerly.

Genevieve never saved less than \$1.50 per week now. Life flowed by like a song. Sometimes she thought of the distress among the rich, but not often. For two serene and cloudless years John continued to draw twenty-two dollars a week for his valuable services. They did n't cut him a cent when the baby was born.

A month after that happy event John came home one day and violently hurled his lunch box on the table.

Genevieve approached and looked into his eyes.

"You've lost your position, Darling!"

"I have!" said he.

Genevieve made a spirited dash for the little bedroom.

"The exact amount on my bank-book," she said, reappearing, "is \$142.66."

"Dear girl!" he said. "But, Genevieve, we shan't need it."

"Shan't need it?" she repeated.

It was hard to tell her. John had fallen heir to a cool half-

million from an aunt who had cut off her church society and the American Board of Foreign Missions without a cent.

Genevieve held her baby closely in her arms that night. Poor little girl! Her cup of happiness was all tipped over.

"I suppose," she sobbed, "we'll have to give up our flat and move into a house!"

John was miserable. He was no less so for a week. He felt as he believed a rich loafer ought properly to feel and grew very tired. His wife's greeting when he came indoors lacked even the slightest enthusiasm.

A newspaper reporter wrote him up for two columns as the impecunious Yale graduate who eloped with Genevieve, youngest daughter of Archibald Danstine, the millionaire; her disinheritance and her husband's present enormous fortune were glowingly dwelt upon. The more or less veracious narrative increased his half-million to a million and a half. Genevieve showed him the story.

"I hope that'll be about all," commented John, gloomily.

"I trust so," she said, icily.

It was n't all. Genevieve had a letter next day. Her face was hard and drawn as she gave it to John. He read:

"MRS. JNO. X. PARKHERST:—

"My dear Daughter: I have this day had transferred to you stocks and securities aggregating at present market value about \$500,000. My attorney will advise you or your husband as to details. Allow me to say that we are much pleased with you. We had no idea that you had inside information as to such a handsome inheritance coming to him when you married so suddenly. We knew nothing of it, of course. I have ventured to make arrangements for the transfer noted above, hoping you will accept same for yourself and the baby and cancel our little misunderstanding. If you think favorably of us, your mother and I would like to see the baby.

Your affectionate father,
ARCHIBALD DANSTINE."

"Great Guns!" shouted John. Genevieve stamped both feet at once.

"To think they think I knew about your money!" she sobbed.

Late that night Genevieve and John were in their big easy chair.

"Don't you believe we can bear up under our misfortunes?" asked John.

At that instant an infant's wail rose from a forty-eight-cent clothes basket in the corner.

"We must!" said Genevieve, sternly. "We must—for the sake of our child!"

Fred. Ladd.



THE LAND OF I-DON'T-CARE-WHERE.

WHEN I'm sick of my desk and papers,
When I'm fagged with the wear and tear,
When I long for a breath of freedom
In the Land of I-Don't-Care-Where,

Then I look thro' my office window,
Past the pit of the city street
To the line of the dim horizon
Where the sky and the ocean meet.

And I watch the great clouds sailing
Thro' the pale-blue smoky sky,
Mighty ships with the fairest cargoes,
Sailing peaceful and white and high—

And I mount to my private air-ship,
That will carry me up and away
Thro' the wastes of heavenly waters
To the shores of a land-locked bay.

And there's nobody there to meet me
But the people I know in books,
And there's no one at all to gossip
Of money or creed or looks.

But the fruit hangs low in the orchard
And the grass waves mile on mile
Where I sit with some old-world hero
On the step of a country stile.

And the West is ablaze with sunset,
And the air holds a touch of June,
And the bees and the breeze and the river
Hum a wonderful, restful tune.—

But, hark! What's that sound of stamping?
There are footsteps on the stair!
And I'm back—called back in a hurry
From the Land of I-Don't-Care-Where!

John H. Holliday.

PUCK



REAL MEAN.

MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON.—To-day I read the manuscript of the play in which I am to star, and, although it does n't quite come up to my expectations, there is one scene in which I shall do myself justice.

THE SOUBRETTE.—Ah! A real turkey dinner?

A SERIOUS MATTER.

PA," said the youthful Bostonian, "does Santa Claus make all those toys himself?"

"Why," said his father, "I—er—never heard of his having any assistance."

"And yet, Pa, after mature consideration, I am forced to the conclusion that he must have. I grant you that he has an entire year in which to make the toys, and we may assume, for the sake of

argument, that he is aided by the most effective labor-saving machinery. Yet, when we consider the enormous output, sufficient to satisfy, or partially satisfy, the demands of the juvenile population of a large portion of the globe, the conclusion seems irresistible that Santa Claus employs a large force of operatives."

"I am obliged to admit the force of your argument," said his father.

"But now a serious question arises. Is it not possible that these employees, influenced by the trend of the times toward combination, should organize themselves into a labor union and, having presented demands which Santa Claus, although a most liberal and generous employer, as we may readily believe, will find himself unable to grant, that these employees, I say, should strike? Might not our juvenile population thus find themselves, some Christmas, confronted by a terrible emergency?"

"It would, indeed, seem so," said his father. "May I ask if you have discovered any remedy for such a situation?"

"Not yet," said the youth. "The problem is one that demands more attention than I have yet been able to devote to it. But, although I am ordinarily inclined to take a conservative view as to the right of interference in labor disputes, yet in such an emergency I should almost be willing to accept the principle that the paramount interest of the juvenile toy-consumer would justify compulsory arbitration."

Wm. E. McKenna.

IF FOOLS did n't rush in where angels fear to tread there would be a great many uninhabited places in the world.



THE MORNING AFTER.

THE MOUSE.—Oh! I've got a fearful head on me.

THE ELEPHANT.—Brace up! It might be worse. Suppose you had mine!

IN BOWING to the inevitable it is advisable to inject as much cordiality into the salute as possible.

Too many cooks not only spoil the broth, but they spoil everything else they prepare for the table.

PUCK

A RHYME OF CHRISTMAS FOOLS.



THE MAN who sends a brilliant lamp
To lovers who adore the dark;
Or to a "youngster" quite grown up,
A variegated Noah's Ark;
And one who sends a set of books
To some poor soul who can't abide
To read a line—these, I declare,
These are the fools of Christmastide!

The school-girl who, ignoring tact,
Gives awful landscapes to her friends,
Or sachet-powder to her "pa,"
And to a youth her picture sends;
The creature who bestows upon
His grandmama, with open pride,
A pack of cards—these are the fools,
These are the fools of Christmastide!

The husband who, instead of gems,
Gives to his wife a table-spread;
The father who should give a cheque,
And gives us all a frown, instead;
The mistress who gives to her cook
A set of Shakspeare; and the bride
Who gives her darling only hints—
These are the fools of Christmastide!

Charles Hanson Towne.

THE WHOLE PUSH.

"Old Flintrock is going to give a Christmas spread, to which all of his friends will be invited."

"How large an attendance does he expect?"

"Oh! Covers will be laid for one."

THE WAY.

They found the bride in tears.
"I cook pies and things that are something fierce, but George will not eat them!" she sobbed, miserably.

"Ah, you must first make him love you! The way to a man's stomach is through his heart!" they said, for they were worldly wise.

AN EXCEPTION.

FRIEND.—The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

HENPEKT.—Not much, it don't! Mrs. Henpekt makes me put the baby to sleep.

THE PROBABLE REASON.

"Pa, why does that Rhode Island man send a turkey each Christmas to the President?"

"In all probability, to make a little more room for himself and his neighbors in Rhode Island, my son."

NOAH was chuckling with suppressed merriment when his wife enquired the cause.

"Oh, nothing much," he returned; "only I still have that umbrella I borrowed from Smith."

Still laughing at the joke on Smith, he went below to feed the other hogs.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

MRS. JOHNSING (*in affright*).—Mussyful Goodness! Nuffin' but a big grizzly-b'ar ebeh made dem tracks! Look at dem close, Honey;—am dey comin' towahds us, er gwine away frum us?

LITTLE 'RASTUS.—Golly! Mammy, dey ain't makin' no move, ez fah ez I kin see!



AN ATTRACTIVE OCCUPATION.

"My! You'd like to be a jockey, would you?"

"Of course I would. It's big pay and you don't have to grow up."

SUGGESTION.

"Chicken soup, forsooth!" sneered the tragedian, with fine scorn.

"There's barely a suggestion of chicken in it!" protested the ingenue.

"Certainly no such suggestion as a self-respecting artist may act on!" exclaimed the comedian, a sardonic smile playing about his patrician mouth.

But the provincial boniface was in nowise depressed; these were by no means the first Thespians he had entertained.

APPRECIATION.

"Yes," said the sharper, who had just succeeded in obtaining change for a bad ten-dollar bill from a guileless old clergyman, "if there's anything I like it's pastoral simplicity."

THE MULTITUDE.

"Everybody is buying it."

"Of course. Do we not advertise it as not appealing to the multitude?"

WHEN SHE MARRIES, a woman, in order to be happy, need have absolute confidence in the man of her choice, and, if the wedding is a church affair with a slow processional, in the hang of the back breadths of her gown, also.

PUCK

THE NOVICE.

(PLACE AND TIME: A secluded corner, between dances.)

HE (*scared but resolute, leaning toward her*).—May I?

SHE (*innocence personified*).—May what?

HE.—You know!

SHE (*lifting her eyebrows*).—I know! Know what?

HE (*pleadingly*).—Just one. Nobody's near. I'll never tell.

SHE (*drawing back, indignantly*).—Why, Mr. Jones! How dare you! I guess not!

HE (*awkwardly*).—But where's the harm? I'd like to, awful well.

SHE (*severely*).—I'm not that kind of girl!

HE (*in haste*).—Of course!

Don't think—

SHE.—But then what made you ask it?

HE (*a culprit*).—You—you see—. Your cheeks—they're so—so peachy-like and pink—

SHE (*secretly pleased*).—They are n't!

HE (*continuing*).—And no one here but you and me—

SHE (*virtuously*).—That should have roused your chivalry.

HE (*confused*).—Uh—yes. (*Brightens with an idea*.) It did; or I'd have taken—

SHE (*witheringly*).—You'd not dare!

HE (*endeavoring to banter*).—Would you have been put out?

SHE (*squelching him further*).—You would, I guess! I never should have spoken to you. There!

HE (*sheepishly*).—It seems to me, now since I was so good I ought to have reward—

SHE.—And so you can: The knowledge that you *did* n't when you *could*, and that you were an honorable man!

HE (*sulkily*).—Well, lots of fellow would have acted first, and spoken afterwards!

SHE (*as if amazed*).—Please tell me, who?



NOT INORDINATELY VAIN.

"I'll shine yer shoes so you can see yer face in them!"

"That would n't be such an inducement, sonny. I ain't so stuck on my appearance as that!"

HE (*doggedly*).—Jack Lightly would, for instance. He's the worst that ever was, they say.

SHE (*suddenly discovering that Lightly is next on her program*).—Why, he's—

HE (*misunderstanding her indiscreet exclamation*).—It's true! (*The music in the ball-room strikes up.*)

SHE.—Oh, hear that waltz! Don't make your partner wait!

HE (*reluctantly*).—But what of yours?

SHE (*settling herself, confidently*).—He'll find me, I don't doubt.

HE (*reluctant*).—You're not—not mad?

SHE (*sharply*).—No. Go, or you'll be late. (*Watching him retreat.*) The great big ninny! (*Smiling alluringly upon Lightly, as he halts before her.*)—Can't we sit it out?

Edwin L. Sabin.



COMMENT.

THE CHICK.—My! What a swell old rooster! But I don't believe he could crow any louder than he looks!

OUT IN THE COLD.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why did Adam and Eve clothe themselves after the fall?

BRIGHT SCHOLAR.—'Cause Winter comes after the Fall.

TALENT is sometimes mistaken for genius, especially by the man who has it.

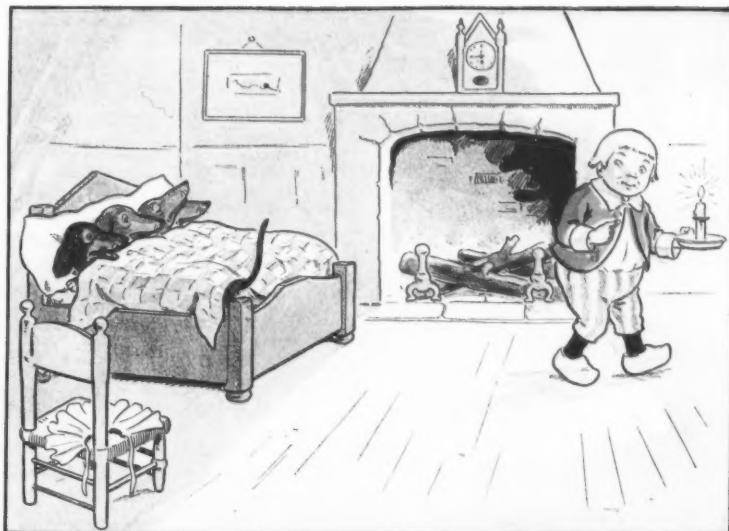
PROVIDED the collar of servitude is thoroughly modish and up-to-date, it does n't chafe the average man very much.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.



I.
"It's Christmas Eve, my sleepy-heads,"
Said Hans, "and time we sought our beds."



II.
His chums he covered up with care,
Then, smiling, left them snuggled there.



III.
"There's something up, I'll bet a crown,"
Thought Dackel. "Ah!—not up, but down."



IV.
"Saint Nick!" he yelped, "and sausages—
They're mine, no matter what he says."



V.
"Perhaps it matters what I say,"
A voice declared—Oh! Fatal day!



VI.
It mattered much, as Dackel found,
When Christmas gifts were handed 'round.



GENTLY THEORIZING.

"And he sits out there in spite of all I can say!"
 "Is it so, dame? Methought, perchance, 't was because of it!"



VANTAGE.

I LITHE, I know; but when you fellowth chaff,—
 I think where I 've the beth of you,—and laugh.

The girlth don't mind. They thay I write them verth
 Like no one elthe upon thith merry earth.

You try to forth a dethent rhyme to goddeth;
 I tell my thweet how gratefully thee noddeth!

Or "Rothe-vineth clamber o'er your father'th houth.
 They bear no blothom—'tempting ath your mouth!"

Then, if I hathte to deprecate her wrath,
 I thay—"All other girlth you do thurpath."

And if thee will at latht her love confeth,
 I 'll thwear my heart her own, in life and death!

Aldis Dunbar.

INDUCEMENTS.

Various plans were proposed for getting the children to attend the Sabbath-school. The plan finally adopted contemplated a scheme of rewards.

The child who should attend once, would be given a silver tea set.

The child who should attend ten times, would be given a racing motor car.

The child who should attend one hundred times, would be given a diamond tiara and necklace.

The child who should attend a thousand times, would be given a town house and a villa at Newport.

By this plan, it was argued, the child would have at maturity, not only a strong religious faith, but a setting-out for housekeeping as well.

AN EXCHANGE.

Oh, red little rose, you are fair, you are sweet—
 Will you whisper this truth to my Love, passing fleet:
 You have stolen her smiles, so your beauty was born,
 But her heart—woe is me!—is replaced by your thorn!



ONE OF MANY.

"I 'm afraid Mrs. Chatterton does n't think twice before she speaks once."

"Ah, no. She talks so fast she can't get a thought in edgewise."

Money talks. That's why it's so much in evidence at the opera.

PUCK

WANTED:—A DIPLOMAT!



IS WIFE handed him a letter, which she had just received from the "sweet, young thing" her brother had led an unresisting sacrifice to Hymen's altar some two years since. With a resigned air he laid down his paper and read:

"MY DEAR SISTER:—

"You old dear, why have n't you written to us? I am just dying to hear from you. Won't you please write and tell us how all the folks are?

"Willy is quite well now. We have a new doctor, and he seems to be the first one who has ever really understood Baby. His food agrees with him splendidly. We give him 3 oz. of X Food three times a day. He is fleshing up wonderfully. He weighs 23 pounds now.

"We give him a bath every morning. He does n't sleep so well as we would like to have him, but we can't help that, and Jack is *such a dear*. We take him for a ride nearly every day in the Park. He *enjoys it so much*.

"Jack is so happy in his new home. You must not worry about your dear brother: I will take good care of him! Now, give my love to your good husband and son, and keep a large portion for yourself, and write soon to

Your devoted sister, E.M."

He smiled a smile that, if his wife had seen it, might have averted that which happened, but she did n't. And "thereby hangs a tale," for a few days later Emily received a letter which read as follows:

"MY DEAR SISTER:—

"Your kind letter received and gave us all great pleasure. We are all quite well now. Dear little Tommy seems to be quite well and strong now. His food agrees with him very well. He eats heartily. We give him about 4 lbs. of meat per day, and a large variety of vegetables. He sleeps very well, especially in the morning, but we have some difficulty in getting him to sleep. He seems to think that the bed is no place for him until midnight and after.

However, we can not complain: he does very well. He weighs now about 190 lbs. He goes out in the Park quite often.

"You must give my love to your husband, and keep a considerable part and a kiss for yourself from

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN."

Tommy is twenty-three years of age. And now John's wife is wondering why she does not hear from her sister-in-law to whom she wrote "such a nice letter" some weeks ago.

BRAINS.

There are two shades of brains, white and gray. Brains do not come in the more fashionable tints. Brains and fashion have little in common, anyway.

Gray brains are business brains. White brains are more for hot weather.

Some are born without brains. But these have only to become rich, and about all the brains in the world are at their service.

Brains are the seat of sense-perception. Brains, for instance, enable the eye to see. Thus we begin to understand the importance of society women, being under the necessity not to see anybody who is n't anybody, not having any brains.

Artists sometimes mix brains with their colors; but if they are adroit they will always reserve enough to blow out for advertising purposes.



EXPERIENCE.

THE CLOWN.—Come, now, Gyp. Practice makes perfect!
THE DOG.—May be so. And it also makes you tired!

HONESTY PAYS in the long run, but it could do more business if it paid C. O. D.



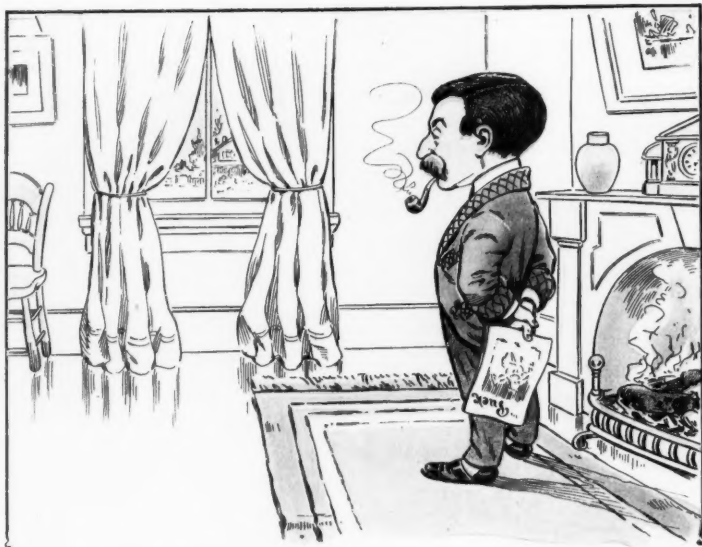
ONE REDEEMING FEATURE.

THE MAN IN THE THIRD ROW.—What do you think of the quartette?
THE MAN BESIDE HIM.—Well, it won't take as long as four solos.

It is a poor castle in the air that does not contain all the modern improvements.

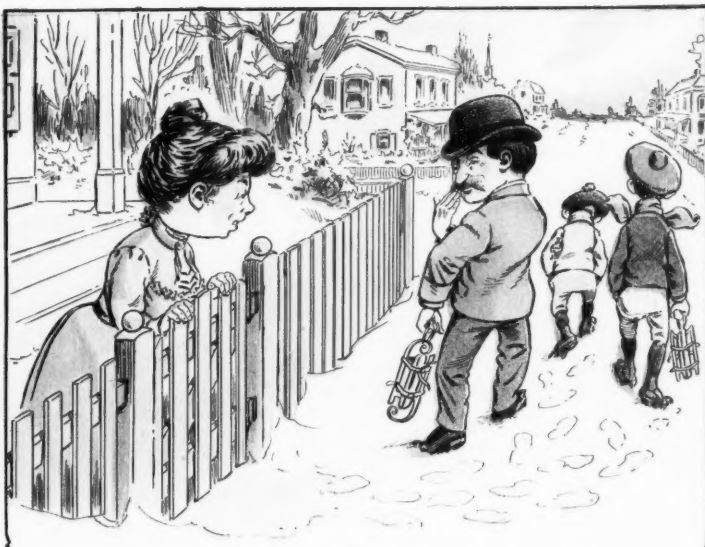
PUCK

A DISASTROUS SKATE.



I.

MR. GAYLORD.—Well, I'd certainly like to do something to please Mary this Christmas. Ah! I have it. Instead of going down to the club, I'll take the boys skating.



II.

MRS. GAYLORD.—Good-by, dear. I'm so glad you are not going down to that horrid club.



III.

MR. GAYLORD.—Now, boys, I'll show you how to write your name backwards and—



IV.

MR. GAYLORD.—Heavens! Help! Help!



V.

OFFICER FOGARTY.—Don't cry, byes. Dis'll bring your Pop around all right.



VI.

MRS. GAYLORD.—Horrors! He's been down to the club after all.

W. M. Goodes



CHRISTMAS TIPS AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

The One Yearly Occasion When the Help Never Threatens To Leave.

SWIFT PAVIS

PUCK

THE WOLVES OF MY CHILDHOOD.



THE MOST painful recollection of my childhood is that of being a frightened little boy almost entirely surrounded by wolves. The world, in those days, consisted of our family, the neighbors, a scant number of other people a trifle farther away, and the wolves which were always more or less imminent in the daytime and right in the dark stairway or beside the bed at night.

The present, at that time, was a pretty shivery proposition, and the future did not promise to be much happier. My admiring maiden aunts, of whom I had no less than three, were convinced that I'd be a missionary, or, at the very least, President of the United States, some day; and Pick Smith, who could lick me with one hand tied behind him, claimed that it was his turn first to be President, and I knew full well that the cannibals would eat me if I took the other horn of the dilemma.

However, comfort came to me from my Uncle Bob, who was a bachelor, and had peddled churns, and been out West, and often fished on Sunday, and smoked in bed whenever he felt like it, and was comfortably red-nosed and fiddle-playing, and was by my aunts considered to be an undone and hopeless reprobate. Uncle Bob lightened my load of miserable misgivings by cheerily assuring me that if I followed in his footsteps I'd be in no alarming danger of succumbing to either fate.

The wolves of my little-boyhood were many and awful. I expected to be captured by Indians, or to be married by a frowning fat woman who would spank me with her slipper; or that some time a ham would fetch loose from its nail on a beam while I was down cellar and fall so heavily on my head that I'd lose my memory, or that I'd be burnt for the sin of witchcraft, or become bald, or have to sing in the choir, or be assassinated by a regicide, or bitten by an asp, or thrown into a dark dungeon, or otherwise become the victim of a vengeful nemesis. I was a very modest little boy, it will be observed, with small yearnings for notoriety.

But the wolves that worst affrighted me were not figurative ones of future calamities, but the literal ones, with horrid fangs and gleaming eye balls, with which my aunts regaled me, under the impression that fables and moral anecdotes were good for little boys. Fears of the former carried with them the dismal consolation that I might die before they got around to me, but the latter were always on hand as soon as it grew dark. The earliest to fill me with fear was the wolf in the sweet old little story of Little Red Ridinghood, and whenever I went on an errand of mercy, or anywhere else that was lonesome, I confidently expected to encounter that wolf at such a stage of the game that it would be all over but the shouting before the woodman got there with his axe. Indeed, I used to darkly suspect that Aunt Nabby Tutt, the village gossip, who unmade the reputations of her neighbors eleven times faster than they could make them, was a wolf disguised in the garb of a well-meaning elderly lady; and, parenthetically, I believe so yet.

Another of my favorite wolves was the one whose approach was several times prematurely announced by a certain youthful wag, until the men who heard him became

indifferent to his cries of "Wolf! Wolf!"

Very subsequently thereafter, as will be remembered, the crafty wolf arrived, dined undisturbed, and went away and lay down in the shade, thus conclusively nipping a budding humorist in the bud. Then, there was the poetical wolf who came down on the fold, and was at any time liable to do it again; and the hypocritical wolf, of whom I often heard my elders speak, that went about in sheep's clothing seeking whom he might devour; and those numerous and particularly bloodthirsty wolves that were forever pursuing Russian noblemen across the snow-clad steppes and could only be appeased by having children tossed out of the back of the sledge to them; and there were many others. All of those wolves were real then, and lay in wait for me everywhere; and through fear of them I have shuddered enough to have shaken down the Capitol at Washington and left not one stone upon another, if my shiverings could have been consolidated into one composite shudder of ten minutes' duration.

Uncle Bob had some wolves, too; but they were inclined to be humorous. When they pursued a nobleman they would do so in packs of an even hundred. The nobleman would shoot them one at a time, and the others would devour the wounded one and come right on again. And so the matter would proceed, the nobleman conscientiously shooting the foremost one each time and the rest devouring him and growing fewer and fatter in consequence, till finally there would remain only one, which the nobleman would easily outdistance by reason of the misguided brute's having eaten his ninety-nine unfortunate brethren.

Sometimes, they would chase an untitled man across a frozen pond, as he was returning from singing school. The man would take refuge on a rock and the wolves would sit down in a circle and anticipate him till their tails froze in the ice. Then the man would rise up with a horrible screech, and the wolves would flee in fright and shame, and minus their respective tails.

I was never much afraid of Uncle Bob's wolves, for the reason that he always grinned at me when he was telling about them. And every once in a while he would give me a little jingle of pennies to spend for peppermints. I used to think that I would try my best to grow up to be a reprobate like Uncle Bob; but I don't know now, if I were to make the assertion that I had lived up to my opportunities, and put the question to a vote, whether the "ayes" would outnumber the "nos" or not.

But, be that as it may, I have long held that every family with a helpless little boy and more than one conscientious maiden aunt in it should be compelled by law to add at least one reprobate old bachelor uncle to its circle, for the protection and comfort of the boy.

Tom P. Morgan.



A TIP TO THE YOUNG IDEA.

THE SKATER.—I guess you won't catch nothin' worth braggin' about, to-day.
THE FISHERMAN.—Don't you worry, sonny;—a fisherman of my experience ain't never stuck for somethin' to brag about!



FAMILY SECRETS.

THE BUTLER.—I dare say the mistress is quite confidential with you.
THE MAID.—Oh, yes. It was only yesterday she told me her private opinion of you.

"OLD THURSDAY."

THE RED fire sun has not yet risen up,
And the sinking full moon hangs like a white
cap—
On the crest of the Western range view;
The gray feathered pilgrims sing high in the skies,
The red rooster crows to the coming sunrise,
The groggy inn men rub hats in their eyes—
And tell that "Old Thursday" is due.

The new crimson rays dye the old peaked roof,
And the rumble of wheel and the clatter of hoof—
Ring up on the red burr trail
And swing the coach at a two-forry clip,
The flying four gallop with brown backs
A-drip!
Old moon-faced Mynter is whirling his whip—
And shouting to hasten the mail.

From within and above the passengers drop
And tug at the tangled baggage on top—
For there's only a minute to rest;
More men and more mail, confusion and din,
Mynter stalks out with the flavor of gun;
The old four are out and the new four are in—
And "Old Thursday" is headed west.

Then reckless and swifter the fresh horses plunge,
The axles creak and the wide tires lunge—
In ditches of water and weed;
Old Mynter's whiplash is frequent and long,
His puffed cheeks are flame and his hot breath is
strong;
He responds with a wild Baccchanian song—
When his passengers tremble and plead.

Victor A. Hornum.



L. M. GLACKENS

PUCK



ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH.

MR. COHENSTEIN (*fiercely*).—You young sgoundrels! You laugh as if dis vas a goodt choke!

THE LEADER.—Sure, it is! An' de funniest t'ing about dis joke is dat it never gits ter be a ches'nut!

DUTY.

The immigrant girl had been careful to provide herself with a false beard, but the quick eye of the customs inspector penetrated her disguise.

"You purpose going into domestic service," he said.

"Yes," said Gretchen, perceiving that equivocation were useless.

"You know how to bake bread and you want only one afternoon off per week."

"I can not deny it."

"Then you are a jewel and must pay duty accordingly," said the inspector.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.—I wanted the Governor to advance money to pay my debts and let me begin all over.

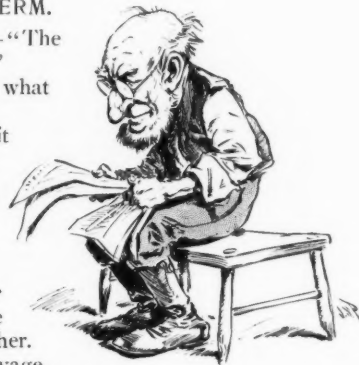
HIS UNCLE.—Perhaps he was afraid you would.

AN INAPPROPRIATE TERM.

UNCLE JOSH (*reading*).—"The commonsensus of opinion—"

UNCLE SILAS.—That ain't what it says, is it?

UNCLE JOSH.—No, I see it ain't. An', by gum, considerin' the foolishness of what comes after it, it would n't be the right thing to call it, anyhow!



WHERE WIVES ARE BOUGHT.

At the door of the hut, the warrior was met by the maiden's father.

"My friend," said the old savage, darkly, "don't you think you've been shopping around here about long enough?"

The youth could not but take the hint.

"I'll give you four oxen and a brass watch for the girl," he said.



WANTED CONVINCING.

MRS. PARROT.—Pardon me, sir! You are a bird of Paradise, are you not?

THE PARADISE BIRD.—Yes, Madam. What can I do for you?

MRS. PARROT.—I wish you would talk to my son, here. I'm so afraid he's becoming an agnostic.



HIS IMPRESSION.

MISS GOTHAM.—Yes; that is the distinguished American diplomat.

HIS LORDSHIP.—Really? The gentleman in evening dress? I'm surprised! I was—aw—led to believe, don't you know, that all American diplomats went about—aw—in their shirt sleeves.

A FAIRY TALE.



HE beautiful young woman approached the withered crone, addressed her courteously and helped her over the stile.

"Thank you, my dear," said the aged woman. "Know that I am a fairy and that I assumed this form merely to test your disposition. As you have treated me so kindly I shall bestow on you a gift. Hereafter, whenever you speak, pearls and diamonds shall drop from your lips."

And the fairy vanished.

Needless to say, the beautiful young woman was soon besieged by impecunious noblemen who found her even more attractive than she had ever been before. In the course of time she married one of them who was a good fellow enough, barring a constitutional penchant for converting the pearls and diamonds into cash and disposing of the cash with lightning rapidity.

The beautiful young woman being, as we have seen, an amiable person, did not mind this much, and when she did occasionally reproach her husband mildly, he listened with great patience, making only such replies as might be necessary to keep up the conversation and picking up the pearls and diamonds as they fell from her lips. In all their little discussions he never objected to his wife having the last word.

Need it be added that they lived happily ever after?

Wm. E. McKenna.

[N THE PLAY, of course, the villain is always properly chastised by the hero; but in real life, unfortunately, it frequently happens that the villain is six feet tall and a good boxer.

AFTER.

"T is queer how marriage changes
The tenor of your life;
The girl with auburn tresses
Becomes your red-haired wife.



A PLEASING PROGRAMME.

THE BEAR.—Now, if I only knew how to handle this thing, I might make him come down and get hugged!

It being settled that hard work is the secret of success, the question now arises, what is the secret of hard work?



IN THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH.

UNCLE EPHRAIM.—Young Bigge Tompkins is goin' ter teach the Burdock school, an' Lazarus Mickle is takin' a daily paper, an' Peg Barclow's boy is writin' the Cornob Corners items fer the Frogeye *Bukank of Liberty*.

UNCLE EBENEZER.—Beats all! It gits plainer every day that this is truly the "young man's age."

PUCK

IN THE LIBRARY.



HE WENT to read of Arctic lands,
Through ancient lore her research ranged;
Above the tops of bulky tomes
Eye spoke to eye, and all was changed.

Ere many days their cards betrayed
A need for other mental food;
His called for poetry's ardent lines,
While romance fed her languorous mood.

Fair Wisdom, throned in regal state,
Smiled kindly from the dome above,
Although they left her printed page
To read one theme, the tale of love.

L. C. Tulloch.

LIVING.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—Seems to me you miss the train in pretty often.

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Yes; I 'm eating one-and-three-eighths-seconds breakfast food instead of the common one-and-one-quarter-seconds brands. I propose to live while I live, hereafter.

GETTING THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN.

MR. BILLTON (*the millionaire plumber*).—How long is it going to take that artist to paint your portrait?

MRS. BILLTON.—About six weeks.

MR. BILLTON.—Gosh! But he's an easy mark! One would imagine he was working by the day, instead of the job.

NEARLY ALL of us would rather be called smart than be called honest, which shows how much we expect the world to take for granted.



BY NO MEANS.

SHE.—You've heard of people whose hair turned white in a single night?

THE MAID.—Yes, Miss; but that is n't the color it generally turns when it happens as quickly as that!



HIS OPINION.

MISS COOPAR.—Do yo' t'ink lub am blind?

MISTAH SINCLAIR.—Wal, I t'ink it am putty near-sighted. I know it gits lots of fellers so dey can't see nuffin' but de neares' gal.

PUCK

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.



I.

"Now, Son, lose not the geese on thy way to market."
"Never fear, Mother, I have them tight."



II.

"Indians! And in war paint too!"



III.

"The geese will be lost and my goose, alas, is cooked."



IV.

"They are almost upon me. What shall I — Why, the geese are pulling me away!"



V.

"Shoot on, red man! When next folks say I behave like a goose, I shall deem it praise."



VI.

"Mother, these geese must not be sold! They have saved their skin and thy son's as well."



THE RUBAIYAT OF ST. NICK.

THE well-thumbed books upon the Nursery shelf
Make me so old, so stout, so gray an elf,
And misreport me so that I'm constrained
To tell the simple truth about myself.

If thirty-five is old, then I am old;
My weight is much too modest to be told:
As to my beard, since marry I wear none,
It shows no "silver threads among the gold!"

I can't be coaxed to play, upon my soul,
The Arctic circuit in a Peary role.
My "furthest North" is citadelled Quebec—
I love New York too well to want the Pole!

In towering bergs I never take my ice.
A very little, shaved, will quite suffice!
(A drop of good, old Scotch improves it some,
A dash of bitters makes it very nice!)

A slow and superannuated bay
Is all my flying reindeer; while my sleigh
May be a crowded L or cable car—
Shanks' mare brought home a raft of things to-day!

It's sweir I am to disillusion folks,
(A tate more Scotch!) but that's a sooty hoax
About my coming down the chimney! Yes!
Biographers *will* have their little jokes!

Indeed, of all my trials, this is chief,
To smuggle in my gifts. Forsooth, a thief
Might learn of me—the way I creep upstairs
And down again unseen transcends belief!

'T is said that I keep books, and that is so,
(By double entry!) but they do not show
That boys and girls are either good or bad!
None wholly undeserving do I know.

And having thus relieved my mind, I'd say
That I am quite content to be the gray
And bulky Saint of Stella's books, till she
Shall find me out herself—nor haste the day!

Edward W. Barnard.

HIS MISAPPREHENSION.

FARMER HONK.—Your niece, that's been over to Allegash,
takin' singin' lessons at the academy, is home now, ain't she? I
was by your place yistady afternoon, and—

FARMER HORNBEAK.—It
was me you heard, filin' a
saw. She won't be home till
day after to-morrow.

HE HAD HIM THERE.

BOBBY.—Father!

FATHER.—What is it, my
boy?

BOBBY.—Which one of the
twins do you think looks the
most alike?

SPEAKING of fancy dress balls,
a daring costume is not an
indelicate costume, any more
than an indelicate costume is
an indecent costume. An in-
decent costume can not possi-
bly cost more than \$100, an
indelicate costume seldom costs
as much as \$1,000, while a
daring costume ranges for
\$10,000 upward, exclusive of
the diamonds.



ONE OPINION.

"I have never seen an Ibsen play."

"No? Some people think that the only excuse for *wanting* to
see one."

A JUDICIOUS BULL.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Of
course we ought to have a coat
of arms.

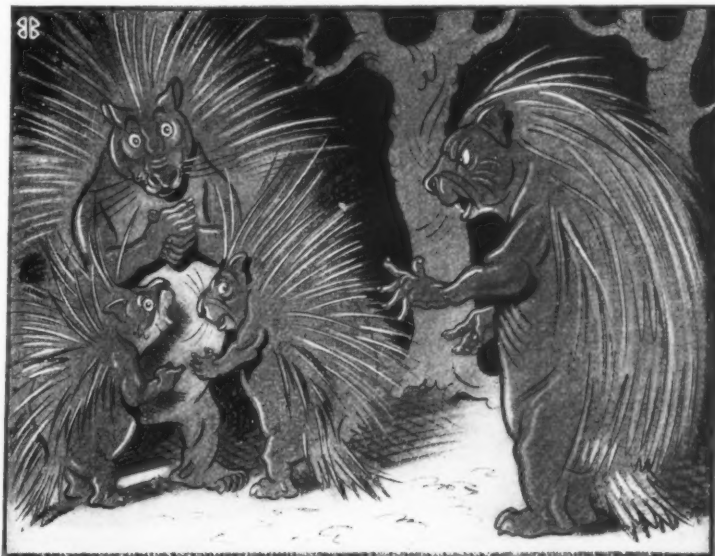
MR. NEWROCKS.—Well, I'd
like to have a bull rampant,
with some kind of a Latin
motto meaning that he was
only rampant when the market
was right.

LOVE WILL bear many burdens
and much abuse, but when
it does take the bit between its
teeth it shows a strong strain
of the old mustang blood.

MARY's little lamb was asked
why it had followed her to
school.

"Because," it replied, "I
infinitely preferred the multi-
plication table to appearing
on the family one."

History, however, records
that it subsequently got into
a stew with the teacher.



HAIR-RAISING.

MRS. PORCUPINE.—Please, Father, don't tell any more of
those Panther stories. You fairly make our hair stand on end.

The accusing finger may often be disposed of by making room for it in the pie.

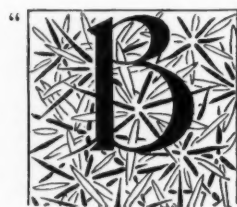
PUCK



IT MEANS MUCH.

DAUGHTER.—Papa, do you object to my marrying a fast young man?
FATHER.—Not if he is going in the right direction, my daughter.

AMENDE HONORABLE.



LESS ME!" cried Santa Claus one day,
"It's just to me occurred
That I'm exceedingly remiss;
I am, upon my word!
"To animals most carefully
I give what they expect;
But all my vegetable friends
I fear that I neglect."

Back to the old farm Santa Claus
Repaired on Christmas eve;
"Pray tell me, dears," he said,
"what gifts
"T would please you to receive."

The Cabbage was embarrassed, but
He diffidently said,
He'd like a sofa-pillow
On which to lay his head.

A dashing young potato
Said that he'd highly prize
Some automobile goggles
With which to shield his eyes.

An ostrich feather boa
A Squash asked, to bedeck
Her specially exquisite
And well-turned little neck.

A tall and stately Cornstalk,
Unheeding covert sneers,
Desired some diamond ear-rings
To decorate her ears.

A green and youthful Lettuce
Said, with a pleasant smile,
She'd like some good materials
To dress herself in style.

Then the Asparagus remarked,
Nodding his heavy head:
He'd never seen one, but he thought
He'd like a folding-bed.

Old Santa Claus, with a kindly heart,
Gave each the thing desired;
And ne'er were Christmas presents
More heartily admired.

Carolyn Wells.

DEVILS.

The Indian drank it down at a gulp.
"Can it be indeed brandy?" we gasped, in astonishment.
"Do you imagine, because I am a red devil, that I go by gaso-
line?" demanded the savage, ironically.

DRAWBACKS OF WEALTH.

MRS. COBWIGGER.—Now that you are able to afford a box, it
must be lovely to go to the theatre.

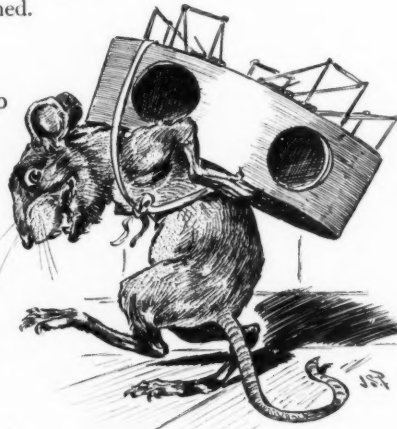
MRS. NEWRICH.—But it is n't, my dear. We are expected to
arrive when the show is about half over
and to go out before it is finished.

FORLORN.

When the princess came into
her sceptre
She heartily wished she had
kept her
Former estate;
For, sad to relate,
Her suitors now mostly side-
stepped her.

POETRY.

"She really thinks her hat
a poem."
"Goodness!"
"She's a Walt Whitman crank,
you know."



TAKEN BY THE ENEMY.



The Battle of the Toys



A TRUMPET'S NOTE! A drum is heard!
The morn vibrates with noise!
A cannon booms, and now begins
The Battle of the Toys.

The conflict wages all the day,
And ere the light grows faint
Some toys that bravely bore the brunt
Have swooned from loss of paint.

The Noah's Ark is all a wreck,
The Hobby's mane is gone,
Dumb is the Trumpet's brazen voice
With which it met the dawn.

Dismantled is the Fort of Blocks,
The Cannon's lost its wheels,
And o'er him who commanded all
The peace of slumber steals.

But still he triumphs in his dreams,
And smiles o'er conquest's joys,
For was he not the victor in
"The Battle of the Toys?"

Wood Levette Wilson.

THE GROWLS OF A GRIZZLED BACHELOR.



THE QUICKEST way to catch a flirt is to run away from her.
The nicest girls work the hardest to get worthless husbands.

To denominate first love "calf love" is generally to slander the calf.

Most engagements warrant the belief that girls are natural-born hypnotists.

Love, declares the proverb, makes the world go 'round; but so does mean whiskey.

Love may be blind; but he certainly is n't stone blind—he can see a diamond a mile away.

It is generally what a man does n't know about a woman that causes him to fall madly in love with her.

It is not well to marry a girl who thinks she may learn to love you—a little learning is a dangerous thing.

The majority of women have a large sense of humor—they think everything they say is worth giggling at.

Married men do not always live longer than single ones, but they are often so much thinner that they look longer.

According to the feminine idea, the generality of mankind ought to be ashamed of itself the most of the time about something.

Every lover has a theory about how to manage a wife, but after marriage it is a condition and not a theory that confronts him.

When a bachelor thinks of his mother he is very likely to want to get married; but when he thinks of his sister he'd rather be excused.

The manœuvres of men under any circumstances are not half as elaborate as the womanœuvres of women when pretending to understand what they do not understand and to not understand what they do understand.

An old-time philosopher once said of women: "They be verie wyse and politicke, and can reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme; theyr mischievous maners a man shall never knowe

untyle he come under theyr subjection. For, in dissimulation untyle they have theyr purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other creatures upon the earthe." All of which would seem to show that while the philosophers of old frequently had bad spells, they every now and then enjoyed lucid intervals.

Tom P. Morgan.

IDEALS.

Two long hours each day did the man labor with his dumbbells, his Indian clubs and his punching bag.

Was it for health?

"No; for strength," said the man, divining our thought.

"I wish to be very strong; so strong, indeed, that when I take my boy out into the woodshed, it is going to hurt him worse than it does me."

It was worth while, truly, to have high ideals, howbeit unattainable.

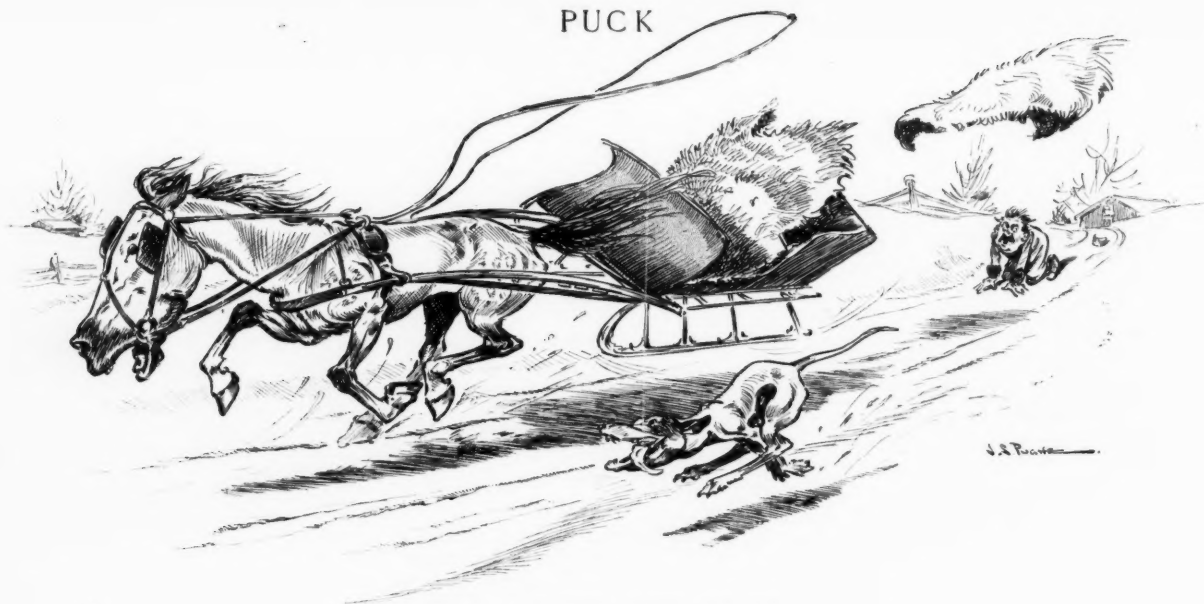
OBLIVION.

"The world won't forget him in a hurry."

"No; it will doubtless take plenty of time to do the job thoroughly."



PUCK



PREFERRED HIS OWN BRAND.

THE DOG.—There 's that fool running away from nothing! I 'm glad I have n't any horse sense!

BALLADE OF YE CALCIUM.

MID THE flash and clash of the ringing steel
Where the warriors bold are in battle met
The star is showing his loyal zeal,
While on every side he 's by foes beset;
And the property sward with blood is wet
From the gaping wounds of a thousand knights—
In the tableaux glare, Oh! Pray don't forget
What is due to the man who works the lights.

Or when in the grease paint's ghastly grin
The villain's face with a sneer is set
As the heroine's love he tries to win
By handing her out a dark, deep threat—
He a mortgage holds for the family debt,
And he works the "You-'re-in-my-power" flights
With immense effect—Oh! Pray don't forget
What is due to the man who works the lights.

Come the Amazons on their mazy march,
Each with sword and shield and a gay egrette,
And a smile so coy and a look so arch
They would win the heart of an anchoret.
'T is a dazzling scene that 's before us set,
And one that our warmest applause invites—
When the encore roars—Ah! Pray don't forget
What is due to the man who works the lights.

Histrion, after the strut and fret
And the triumphs sweet of five hundred nights,
When the curtain falls—Oh! Pray, don't forget
What is due to the man who works the lights.

Wood Levetie Wilson.





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Should be seen by everyone considering the purchase of a piano-player. The Metrostyle Pianola not only furnishes Technique, but indicates the equally important requisite—Interpretation.

Pianola \$250.

Pianola with Metrostyle, \$300.
Purchasable by monthly payments.

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Aeolian Hall, - 362 Fifth Avenue

EMBARRASSING.

"Don't you feel proud since your daughter married the duke?"

"Proud!" echoed Mrs. Cumrox. "Not a bit of it. I'm worried to death for fear I'll forget to approach the duchess with proper formality."—*Washington Star.*

THE REASON.

"Dey say dat Providence hears de po' man w'en he cries."

"You think so?"
"Yes; he cries so loud en constant, de angels can't git any sleep fer him!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*



HIS USEFUL WHISKERS.

Mary lost her little lamb
And pined, and pined, and pined;
Then wed a man with mutton chops
To keep the lamb in mind.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

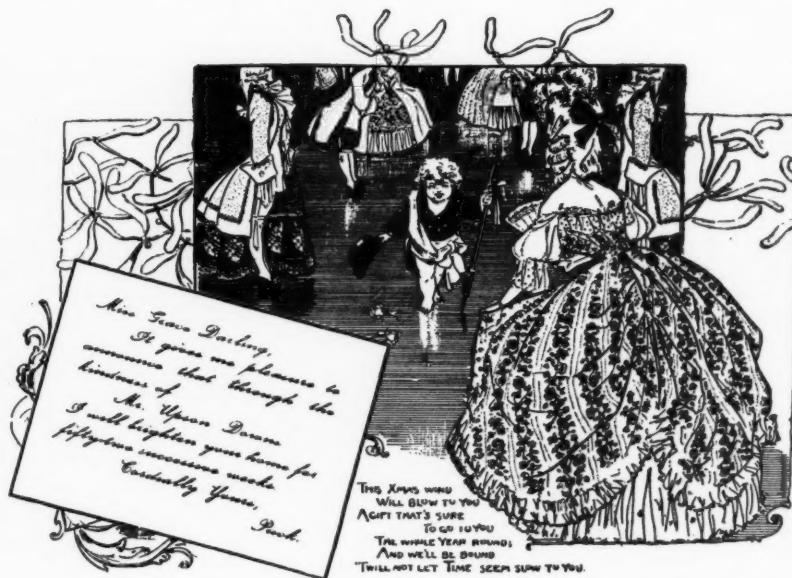
MODERNLY DEFINED.

"Father," said the little boy, "what is reciprocity?"
"Reciprocity, my son, is an arrangement by which you undertake to give up something that you don't value very highly in exchange for something that you do."—*Washington Star.*

PUCK'S NEW CHRISTMAS CARD

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a CHRISTMAS PRESENT of a Year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we have a New Presentation Card this year. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color-printing.

The Best Christmas Present—
A Year's Subscription to Puck and
Puck's Christmas Card.



This card, (size 7½ x 5¾ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
Address PUCK, NEW YORK.

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for Puck to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to Puck to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

Arnold Constable & Co. Gloves.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated
Courvoisier Gloves

For Women and Misses.

The latest importations of these Gloves com-
prise the fashionable colors in both Suede
and Glace, for Dress and Street wear.

Men's Gloves.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

IT BEARS INSPECTION
if it's an
H & R
SINGLE GUN



PERFECTION
in design,
simplicity, and su-
perior workmanship
and finish make the
H. & R. SINGLE GUN
the best holiday gift.
Your dealer can
supply or we will sell
to you direct.
**HARRINGTON &
RICHARDSON ARMS CO.**
Dept. 8, Worcester, Mass.
Makers of
H. & R. Revolvers
Catalog for postal

"Oh, my guard!" gasped the
maiden in the grand stand as her
two-hundred-pound lover fell in the
first scrimmage.—*Princeton Tiger.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

U.S. GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES
MADE IN U.S.A.
WHISKEY
Bottled
in Bond
BOND & LILLARD
The only real guarantee of
Purity
ADDRESS
STOLL & CO.
Lexington Ky.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over
SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their
CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS.
IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS
ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for
DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.
Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and
take no other kind. 25 cents a bottle.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keepers' Friend
rests, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

IF GENUINE
Always the Same!

**WILSON
WHISKEY.**

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.
Baltimore, Md.

ON THE SPOT.

HE.—Queer habit Miss Passay has when you're talking to her.

SHE.—Does n't she listen?

HE.—Oh, very attentively; but she keeps nodding her head and interject-
ing "Yes, yes" all the time.

SHE.—I think she has fallen into that habit waiting for some man to pro-
pose.—*Philadelphia Press.*



A DEFENCE.

"It's a very old plot."

"Yes; but what is a plagiarist to do? If he steals a new plot
there 'll be twice as much complaint."

A Welcome Drink

Is always flavored with Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bit-
ters. Refuse cheap domestic substitutes and imi-
tations.

TOO MUCH FLYING.

"You reckon we gwine ter fly hereafter?" asked Brother William.

"Well," replied Brother Dickey, "we may have ter; but I done so much
flyin' in 'dis worl' whar we livin' dat, ez fer me, I 'll be willin' ter rest later on!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A LIBEL REFUTED.

"Is it true that you act under instructions from that great corporation?"

"It is emphatically untrue!" replied Senator Sorghum with indignation.
"I think I can claim by this time to know just about what that corporation
wants without any instructions whatever."—*Washington Star.*

DR. SIEGERT'S

1824
A. D.

**ANGOSTURA
BITTERS**

IN ALL FANCY DRINKS

The World's Best Tonic
Imported from Trinidad, B.W.I.

AWARDS AT ALL THE
PRINCIPAL INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITIONS.

The Only Genuine

**By Royal Warrant, Purveyors
to His Majesty, the German
Emperor and King of Prussia.**

To have the correct flavor a Cocktail
should be freshly made, and flavored
with that most delightful, aromatic tonic,
Angostura Bitters.

Beware of imitations. The genuine is made
only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, Trinidad, B.W.I.
J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agt., New York, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you
have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be
found just the remedy you need. Sold by drug-
gists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes.
You may have a sample bottle of this great kid-
ney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet
telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures.
Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.,
and say that you read this in Puck.

Jaeger
PURE WOOL
UNDERWEAR

Science devised it
Experience perfected it
Prudence prescribes it
Health requires it

**MAXIMUM OF WARMTH
with MINIMUM OF WEIGHT**

'Chill December' has no terrors for
the wearer of a Jaeger undersuit.

All Weights for All Wants.

Catalogue and Samples Free.

DR. JAEGER S.W.S. CO.'S OWN STORES

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STRONG and
EASILY**

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perfect shape. *If PUCK is worth buy-
ing, it is worth preserving.* Price,
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Postage Stamps taken.

Address: PUCK, N. Y.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.,
Dept. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—New York Central.

Xmas Tip

Order a barrel containing 10 doz. bottles of good old

Evans Ale

The true beverage to Promote the Good Cheer of Christmas.

Any dealer Anywhere C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

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Telephone 1843 Spring

NEW YORK.

All kinds of paper made to order.



WHY ASK?

"Whom did she marry?"

"Oh, the dearest fellow in the world, of course."

"And he the best girl that ever was?"

"Yes, indeed."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BOSS' ESTIMATE.

"Do you think you are giving your city a good government?" asked the earnest man.

"Well," answered Mr. De Graft, after some deliberation, "it's as good as money can buy"—*Washington Star.*

MORE PRIVATE.

"I suppose," said the rural post-mistress' friend, "you get lots of enjoyment out of reading the postal cards."

"O!" replied the post-mistress, "not near so much as I get out of the letters I steam."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

NO DRY MEASURE

"Waters is trying to sell his property," said the first resident of Swamphurst.

"Of course he is," remarked the other.

"But I mean he's actually advertising it in the papers."

"The idea! How much does he ask for it per gallon?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

A GENEROUS SPIRIT.

"Henry, I want two dollars this morning."

"What for?"

"Must I account to you for every penny I spend?"

"I don't insist upon knowing about every penny. When it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HIS RECORD

"Mister Judge," said the old darkey, in the rural justice court, "I been livin' 'roun' here ten years; I ain't never been lynched yit, en de only hoss I ever stole th'owed me en broke my two legs."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE CHILD'S ADVANTAGE.

"Pa," said little Tommy, getting a bright idea, "I can do something you can't."

"What?" demanded Pa.

"Grow!" replied the youngster.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE LEADING MAN.—I suppose you like to see a long string at the box office?

THE MANAGER.—Well, yes; if the Sheriff has n't got hold of it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



The Fireside Festival

With the legions who on happy Christmas day dispense cheer, comfort and hospitality

Hunter Baltimore Rye

is the choice because of its faultless flavor and perfect purity.
Long life and prosperity to all.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



ONE WAY.

HANNIGAN.—Shure, these scales is no good at all fur me. They only weigh the helt of two hundred pounds, an' Oi 'm near to two hundred and fifty.

FLANNIGAN.—Well, man alive, can't ye git on thim twice?—*Philadelphia Press.*

AN INCIDENTAL REVENGE

"Did your son really elope?"

"Yes, and it's such a blow. But there's one thing about it that brings me a little consolation."

"What is that?"

"He eloped with that odious Mrs. Slimmer's hired girl."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DICTATED.

"Put down dar, in de letter, dat she sweet ez honey," said the colored brother.

"All right."

"En sugarcane—w'en it's done turned ter merlasses."

"I've got it."

"En 'possum—fat 'possum—w'en bacon is twelve cents a pound!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NOT VERY DEEP YET.

"He has n't been in politics very long, has he?"

"No; but how did you know?"

"I was walking along beside him to-day just as a police patrol wagon dashed up behind us, and he did n't start guiltily or look nervous at all"—*Phila. Press.*

BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

"I knows fer sartin' Chris'mus can't be fur off now," said the old darkey, "kaze I been in Marse Tom's room dis mawnin', an' de jug wuz gittin' mighty low."

"How come you knowed dat?"

"Kaze it tilted so easy."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

LOVE'S SILENT INTERCHANGE.

FRIEND.—How did the count propose to you, and you accept, if he could not understand your language, nor you his?

AMERICAN HEIRESS.—It was very simple. He showed me his family tree, and I showed him my bank-book.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"WHERE will I get a marriage license?" asked a young man in the City Hall.

"You might try the Bureau of Encumbrances," replied the man with the bald head, as he passed on.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IF IT'S Red Top Rye IT'S RIGHT



100 VISITING CARDS 35c

Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal cards. We have cuts of emblems for all societies. E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 48, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

"SUPPOSE I DIE"

We have helped the people to answer that question for half a century or more; to make provision for their survivors. We do more: We assist men in making provision for their old age, when the money-producing power is waning. Get our free booklet, "The How and the Why." It brushes cobwebs from the brain.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
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MINING PROGRESS

Contains reliable information about Mining. Of interest to those who may be interested in Mining or want to learn about the resources of Oregon, Washington or Idaho. Free sample copy.

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UNION PACIFIC

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To California

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
UNION PACIFIC
Omaha, Neb.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



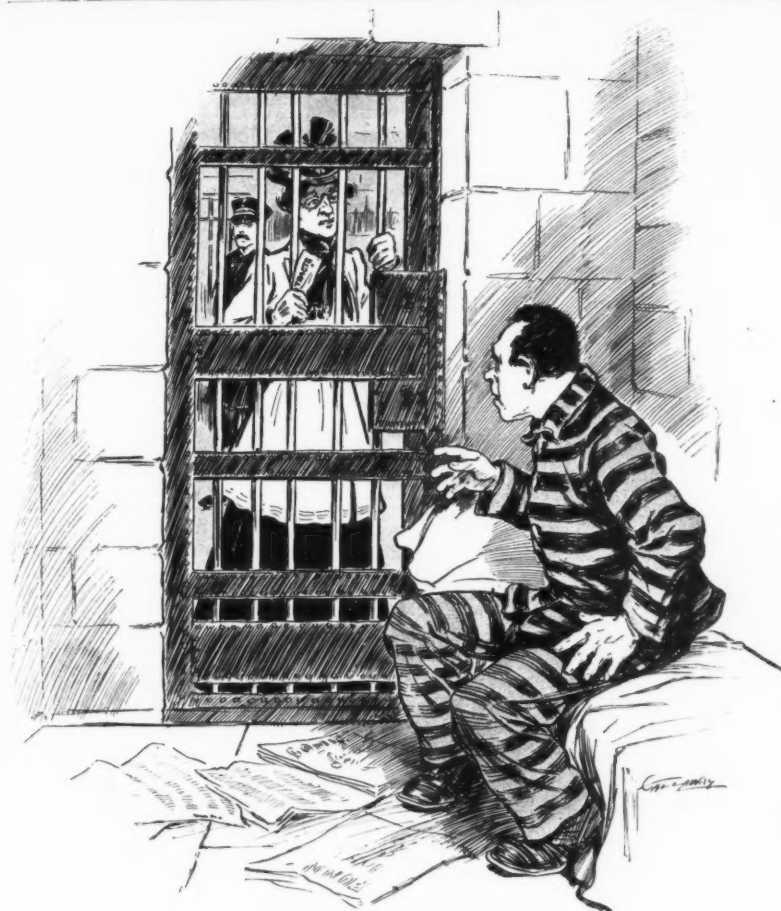
"Human grandeur fades and dies away;
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day,
But virtue lives forever in the mind,
In her alone true happiness we find."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

VISITOR.—My man, what brought you here?

CONVICT.—Insomnia, Mum;—de cop could n't sleep and so he wuz patrolling his beat!

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's An-ostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.

Popular clamor is going the rounds for the famous Extra Dry Champagne, Cook's Imperial. Try it! You will like it.

BALL-POINTED PENS

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.

H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William St., New York, AND ALL STATIONERS.



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FEDERATION HOLDER

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



His Face his Fortune

"Before I began to use Williams' Shaving Soap, a shave was a tribulation which had to be endured, and my face was in a constant state of irritation. Since I began using your shaving soap, my face is soft and smooth after every shave, and I can vouch for the healing and medicinal qualities of Williams' Shaving Soap."

(A sample of letters we are constantly receiving.)

Williams' Soap is sold in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, etc., throughout the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

FREE—Our booklet, "Shaving: The Right Way."

THE VERY BEST!

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NOW READY!

	Price		Price
The London Graphic	\$0.50	Sketch	\$0.50
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Holly Leaves	.50	Le Figaro Illustre, French Text	1.00

Art Annual, The Christmas Number of The Art Journal \$0.75

THESE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS
ARE THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

They should be ordered without delay, as there will be NO SECOND EDITIONS.

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THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,

Importers and Exporters of Newspapers, Periodicals and Books.

Subscriptions received for any periodical, foreign or domestic.

Nos. 83 & 85 Duane St. (One Door East of Broadway) New York.

ANXIOUS ARABELLA.—I hope it does n't bother you to have my hair blow in your face?

THE BRUTE.—Not in the least. I was born in China. I can eat rats.—*Princeton Tiger.*

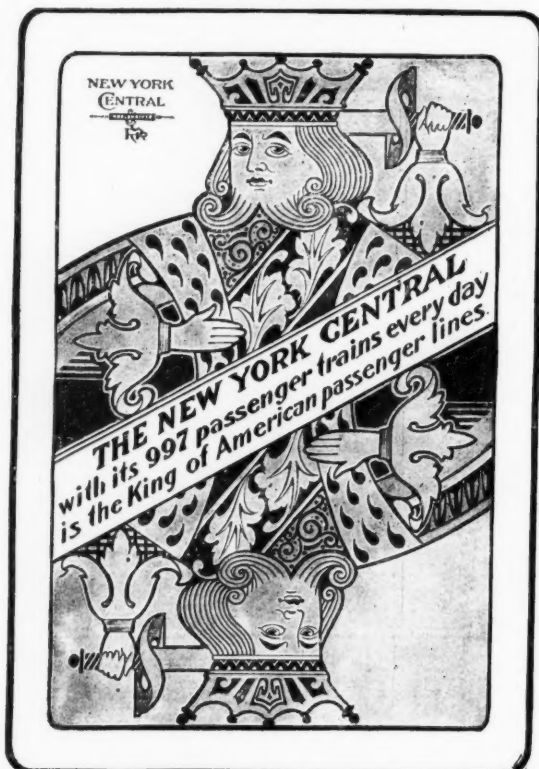
BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Now packed in handsome individual boxes for Christmas. 50c and \$1.00. Any shop or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 218, Shirley, Mass.

From The Four-Track News.

"OUR LEADING CARDS"
No. 3—THE KING
"Long Live the King"



The New York Central has 14 trains a day New York to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, 8 to Chicago, 4 to St. Louis, 5 to Cincinnati, 5 to Montreal, 9 to Toronto, 8 to Cleveland, and 7 to Detroit.
THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS, an illustrated monthly magazine of travel and education—128 or more pages, every one of which is of human interest. Mailed free to any address in North America for 50 cents a year; foreign countries \$1.00—single copies 5 cents. Sold by news dealers.
GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher, Room 154, 7 East 43d St., New York.
Send a two-cent stamp for a fifty-two page illustrated catalogue of the "Four-Track Series."

WHEN SALLY HAD HER TIN-TYPE TOOK.



WHEN Sally had her tin-type tuk,
I'll bet a pint o' liquor
Thar war n't a man but whut wuz struck
On her a leetle thicker.

She wuz the belle o' Jinks's Cove,
But dangerouser nor pizen
By reason o' the web she wove;
Oh, she wuz tanterlizin'!

An' ev'ry feller fur an' wide,
From Begum to Carliny,
Would ruther had her fer his bride
Than be the King o' Chiny.

He said ez how he'd like ter git
Miss Sally an' her feller
Ter pose together jist a bit
Beneath her umbereller.

'T wuz at the annual meetin' when
A feller from the valley
Seed me ez he come up the glen
A-walkin' round with Sally.

Now, this jist suited Sal, you bet,
An' I had no objection.
An umberell 's the best place yet
Fer showin' one's affection.

Then jist as he wuz tekin' aim
I slipped my arm about her.
You ax me wuz I feelin' game
To kiss her? Yas, I mowter.

Did she fly up with look o' scorn,
Her cheeks with anger burnin'?
Wal, no! That 's her a-hoein' corn,
An' that 's our gal a-churnin'.

Norman H. Pitman.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS.

From the "Lonelyville Weekly Record."

WINTER is upon us. Mr. Chinwhiskers reports seeing the last bluebird of the season Friday afternoon.

The fair at the Lonelyville Volunteer Hose Company's fire house this week is for a good cause and it is to be hoped that it will be largely attended. The Lonelyville Volunteer Hose Company participated in so many grand rallies and fire parades here and at the neighboring suburbs during the past Summer that the members have about worn out their rubber boots. The proceeds of the fair are to be devoted to purchasing a new pair of rubber boots for each member of the company. Every ticket of admission will entitle its holder to a chance to draw a ton of coal. Come one; come all.

Cold weather having set in in earnest, most of the trains which were put on by the railroad company to give city people a favorable impression of the transportation facilities of Lonelyville and induce them to purchase houses and lots here, have now been taken off the time-table, and, beginning with next Thursday, the station will not be kept open after five o'clock in the afternoon, and the 12:33 Matinee Local will only stop on being flagged, or to discharge a possible passenger or passengers.

There is a telegram waiting unclaimed at the railroad station for Mr. A. B. Buildingloan. C. C.

HARD LINES.

OLD STOCKSON (on Christmas morning, to son).—Why, Billy, what are you looking so glum about? Did n't old Santy use you right?

LITTLE BILLY (gloomily).—Hard to tell, Pop. You know, the Exchange is closed to-day, so I can't tell whether that block of railroad stock I found in my stocking is a gold brick or not!

A BAD CASE.

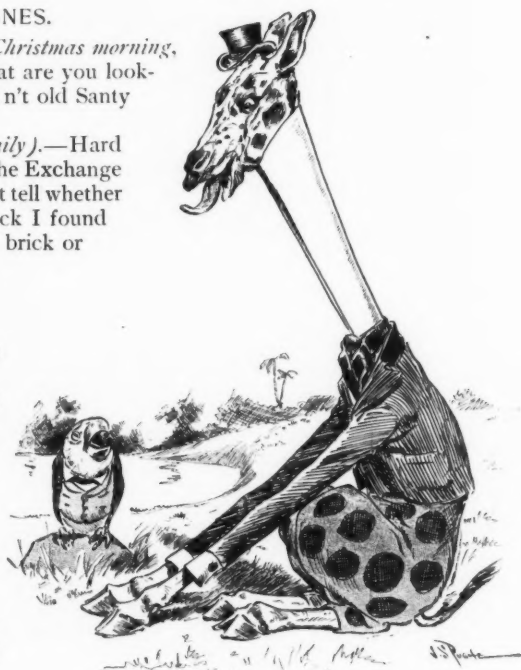
"She is deeply in love with him, is n't she?"

"Oh, deliriously so! Why, she begins all her letters to him with 'Darling Darling!'"

ART IS SHORT.

DAUGHTER.—Mr. Penn draws very well, does n't he, Papa.

FATHER.—His pictures are not so bad, but the checks he draws are no good at all.



USEFUL.

"My! Nature has provided you with such a long neck—and legs to match!"
"Why, yes, and those legs have often saved my neck."

HEALTH brings wealth, mostly by swap.

"WITH ALL THE SPARKLE and CRISPNESS of a CHRISTMAS MORNING"

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER**

"THE BEST OF ALL TOILET PERFUMES"
IS AT ALL TIMES A MOST ACCEPTABLE and SEASONABLE OFFERING.
Be sure you get the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

AMERICAN WINE for the AMERICAN PEOPLE

America

is fast becoming the wine-making country of the world—

Great Western Champagne

is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection and popularity.

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Respectable
Wine Dealers.*



It is not the price

you pay that makes a wine good.

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of
American Wines

costs less than the imported, yet has all the quality of any wine, foreign or domestic.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., *Sole Makers*, Rheims, N. Y.

PUCK'S PROSPECTUS for 1904



PUCK will maintain its standard as the best humorous paper.

Our large staff of artists enable us to assure our readers that we will have the most striking cartoons on the coming Presidential campaign, the best and most varied collection of black-and-white sketches embracing all subjects and touching every phase of human nature.

Our articles and poems will be written by the foremost exponents of American humor of the day.

The policy which has made PUCK the oldest and most successful of its kind will be continued.

Its articles will be funny but never vulgar (nothing will ever appear which you need fear to have seen at your home).

Its cartoons, though satirical, will always show a decent respect for the highest representative of the people.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK, 48 pages, printed in colors throughout, always the leader among Holiday Publications, will be better than ever in 1904.

New Subscribers for 1904 will also receive the CHRISTMAS PUCK for 1903. Two Christmas Numbers and the entire year of 1904 at the Regular Subscription Price of \$5.00 per year.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS NOW!

Address PUCK, Puck Building, New York

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WHITE LABEL

There is no Scotch Whisky which enjoys the popularity of
DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL
"THE WHISKY OF GREAT AGE"

It is the brand which made Scotch Whisky the choice of connoisseurs the world over,
and is bottled where distilled, from the largest and oldest reserve stock in Scotland.

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Distillers to His Majesty, King Edward VII.

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